

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.



BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.



THE LATE GENERAL MIGUEL MIRAMON, COMMANDER OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY OF MEXICO.



GENERAL MARIANO ESCOBEDO, COMMANDER OF THE LIBERAL ARMY OF MEXICO.—SEE PAGE 199.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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WITH No. 601 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we presented No. 1 of National Portrait Gallery, viz., a Portrait of HON. THADDEUS STEVENS, and with No. 605 a Portrait of WENDELL PHILLIPS, being No. 2 of the series. In No. 609 is a full-length portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN.

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H. G.

HORACE GREELEY is not fortunate in his friends. Perhaps, however, they were not of his own selection, but thrust upon him; for politics, like misery, often makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows. And, as he did not ask for the friendship of those who chose to follow his political ideas, so he may be indifferent when they refuse his guidance any longer. The proverbial instability of fortune seems firmness itself when compared with the fickleness of the adherents of H. G. One day the head of a large party, representing great ideas, of which he himself was the chief author—the apostle of a cause once depressed and suffering, but now triumphant and become the political faith of millions, and the next day, arraigned as a political heretic, stripped of his well-earned titles to the gratitude of his partisans, and as far as political martyrdom can extend, the hemlock prepared for his lips. The one drop of kindness that, it is said, makes the whole world kin, has in his case made them foes, and it must be an additional bitterness that his chief sympathizers now are the men whose principles he detests, and who for the past six years he has done his best to hold up to the scorn and reprobation of all true patriots.

It is not a little amusing to observe the numerous methods adopted by H. G.'s former friends, and occasionally, for it is a fertile field, by his enemies, of accounting for the eccentricities in his political orbit. One set will have it that crotchets, no matter how absurd, will always warp his judgment; another sees in his being one-twentieth part of the bail of Jefferson Davis only a love of notoriety; others again, squaring his mental qualities by some rule of their own, rattle off his merits and defects as glibly as any showman, and deduce most scientifically from the shape of his head that nothing but perversity and ill-judged kindness could be expected from such a cranial development. The most senseless and malignant is that attributing the most corrupt personal motives, which is only on a par with the ignorance which persists in miscalling that "straw ball" which everybody knows is good effective bail.

Do we therefore defend Horace Greeley's recent act? By no means. He is the last man to need any defenders or apologists. He has shown over and over again that he is quite able to take care of himself, and what he cannot or will not say for himself had better be unsaid by others. Besides, we do not think that his action in going bail for Davis is capable of a good defense on the ground of policy or expediency. It may be the strong conviction of men of excellent hearts and warm feelings that conciliation is the true policy towards reconstruction of the South. There are thousands who believe that reconstruction by force would be a mere mockery. On the other hand, there is a party, probably far more numerous, who would be quite satisfied to see how the measures now in force are working before allowing any change either towards relaxation or severity. A still more numerous party, including both of the foregoing, with many others of different shades of opinion, are reluctant to admit that the crime of treason cannot be punished, or at least tried by our highest courts of law. Only by the trial of Davis can it be solemnly adjudged whether the para-

mount allegiance of citizens be due to the State or to the Federal Government, and whether or not it be treason for a State to resist the Federal authority by force. The Republican party holding these opinions have looked to H. G. as one of their leaders, and there is no doubt he has ably vindicated his right to such an eminent position.

Here, then, arises the question, Has such a leader a moral right to forestall the opinions of the party he heads, and by his act commit them to a course of action which by far the largest majority do not approve? H. G. says he has; and he plainly tells those who cannot advance as rapidly as himself that they are blockheads, dunces, and all that sort of thing. Now in thus suddenly cutting himself adrift from his party obligations we think he is wrong—not morally wrong, perhaps, but wrong as a matter of policy. He is wrong in the sense a man would be who, in an election, should make up his private ticket of those he considers the best men; his vote would be scattered, and he might just as well not vote at all. Wrong, in the sense in which a parliamentary leader of the opposition would be who should vote with the independent members; he may be very well-meaning, very conscientious, but a man who aspires to lead must be one who can be trusted not to "bolt" at a critical moment, or carry his colors over to the enemy's camp. It is in this respect we think Mr. Greeley has erred. He has given a shock to the confidence of the great party who trusted him. He has obtained a momentary advantage by writing a very clever letter to those who made an injudicious and hasty attack on a point involving both his social and political relations; but the evil he has done will survive the memory of his rejoinder to the Union League Club, and he can never recover the confidence he has abused.

Accidental Poisonings.

THERE are few sudden deaths which produce a greater shock on the public mind than those resulting from the carelessness of apothecaries. The feeling of horror is increased by the consciousness that it is one against which no safeguards can avail. Reasonable precautions will guard us against assaults on our persons or property, and even should these fail we know there is a strong probability of assassins or burglars being brought to justice. We need not expose ourselves to railway or steamboat disasters, for we can stay at home, and even for those who suffer from the ordinary accidents of traveling, injuries are only too ready to grant heavy damages against the owners of the conveyances which ought to have been safe and were not. But there exist two great aggravations in the cases of being killed by mistakes of the compounders of medicines, that they abuse the confidence we are obliged to place in somebody, and again, as we have said, no precautions can be used against their carelessness or inadvertence.

A recent case in Brooklyn does not omit a single feature of the most terrible of these domestic tragedies. The details must be fresh in the minds of every reader of the daily papers. We need not here recall more than the catastrophe—the unfortunate victim died in consequence of the mistake of a druggist's clerk, and the coroner's jury severely censures the clerk for his culpable carelessness.

If any criminal proceedings could be based on such a verdict, they would of course be directed against the clerk, and not against his employer. If, on the other hand, any civil suit were instituted for damages by loss of services of the deceased, or some other such grounds, it would lie against the employer of the youthful blunderer. We confess we cannot clearly see the natural justice of such an anomaly. If a street railway car run over a boy and cripple him for life, he recovers exemplary damages from the owners of the road. If he were killed, the driver would be made to answer for the crime, if crime could be proved, in his person, and his employers in their pockets, to the survivors of the victim. It is the same in the wholesale slaughters on railways and steamboats. The owners of the public conveyances can absolve themselves from the consequences of the carelessness of their servants by a payment of money, while the servants themselves can be tried for manslaughter, though in practice they rarely or never are. Nobody supposes that this druggist's clerk will be punished for having caused the death of a fellow creature, yet wherein does his offense differ from that of a man who should blast rocks without warning the passers-by of the coming explosion. It is true the latter might escape with a censure of carelessness, but it is a carelessness so willful that it is scarcely possible to draw a line between that and deliberate murder.

The fact is that human life is held cheaper among us than in any other civilized community. Nowhere does mere suffering meet with quicker or warmer sympathy, yet nowhere is the sacrifice of life regarded with so much leniency. We do not care here to inquire at length into the causes of this. Probably it takes its root in our popular

notions of personal liberty, and may measure be strengthened by the tendency to segregation of a restless, ever shifting population. Whatever may be the causes of a social phenomenon, the existence of which no careful observer of our state of society can deny, it involves results which are not creditable to us, and which there is an increasing desire should meet with some check. Suppose that the legal maxim, *quod facit per alium facit per se*, were to be applied to criminal as well as to civil cases—that the responsibility of employers should attach to the acts of those employed—what a change we should see in the selection—to come back for instances to our starting point—of druggists' clerks. Morally, the death in Brooklyn was caused by the man who employed a careless or incompetent servant. If we change the law, and make the former responsible, we may depend upon it that homicides by carelessly compounded medicines will be at an end. Popular sentiment expresses itself in the case of steamboat disasters, or where a ship has been sent to sea in an unseaworthy condition, in the phrase that the owners ought to be hanged. And the popular sentiment is right so far as it indicates the recognized inadequacy of a payment in money compensating for the loss of human lives. No small portion of the indignation against the virtual escape of Jeff. Davis may be traced to the feeling that, while we have punished the subordinates of the rebel government for its acts of cruelty, the responsible head of the government goes free. If we will only carry into action the principles we applaud in theory, no long time would elapse before various managing directors and some druggists would be indicted for manslaughter, to the manifest improvement in the conduct of the monopolies they control in the one case, and the security of our lives in the other.

Rights in the Street Cars.

It is so rarely we meet with a sound and wise decision in the inferior courts of justice, especially in matters touching the rights of the public, that we are the more gratified when we have occasion to record one. Mr. Justice Dowling has taken an opportunity of rebuking the insolence of the conductors of the street cars, and while deciding that any one, man, woman or child, paying full fare, is entitled to keep his or her seat, he inflicted a fine and a month's imprisonment on a conductor who insisted on a boy giving up his seat, and, on his refusal, kicked him out of the car. It is difficult to understand how any one could have doubted the right of a person who paid for a seat keeping possession of it. Perhaps, as it was wanted for a lady, the conductor thought he had a good opportunity of instilling an easy lesson on politeness into the youthful mind or body; but, whatever his motive, nobody seems to have any doubt that the conductor will not forget the lesson he has been very properly and effectually taught.

We cannot, however, agree with a contemporary that Mr. Justice Dowling would have done well if he had also laid down the law that any one paying a fare was entitled to obtain a seat, whether one was vacant or not. In the first place, such a question was not before the court, and a magistrate has quite enough to do in deciding questions before him, without meddling with others that are irrelevant. Again, this matter of seats in cars already crowded is one in which the public has the remedy in its own hands, if it only choose to apply it. For if people will crowd into cars already full, and when it is evident at a glance no seat is vacant, it is rather unjust to the companies to blame them severely, as many do, for cars being crowded. If nobody would get into a car already full no complaints could be made of the crowds in them. But, practically, most people would rather be carried standing than not be carried at all, or wait till another car comes. It is all very well to say that the companies should be prohibited from carrying more passengers than the cars can seat. This would be unjust to those who are willing and able to stand; and the first effect of such a regulation would be that large numbers of people would be detained down town, or would be obliged to walk to their homes.

Whether street railways come under the general railway law of the State, is a question, which being a purely legal one, we shall not undertake to decide. Unquestionably under those laws railroad companies are obliged to find seats for all who pay their fare, and all who pay their fares are entitled to seats, although this law even amounts to nothing at the way stations of the different railroads near the city. If it could be decided by the Courts that this general law applies to the city street railways, the managers might take care that under no circumstance should any car admit more than, say, twenty-five persons; but we are very sure that so loud an outcry would speedily be raised by large numbers who are willing to be crowded, or to submit to any amount of nuisance rather than be left behind, that the companies would be forced to break the law. In fact they would rather let one

litigious and fretful individual, who might claim he was not obliged to pay any fare unless he got a seat, ride free, than offend a thousand others who would pay without grumbling, only too thankful that they are not obliged to walk. It is in some respects unfortunate that we do not possess, as a community, that kind of public spirit which refuses to submit to, or to compromise any infringement on our rights. Public conveyances have certain duties to perform, and it is the interest of everybody to see that they are performed. It is only in the United States that the exact law applicable to street cars could have remained so long undecided, and it is only here that the discomforts of overcrowding would have been so long tolerated. No one likes to be thought mean in refusing to pay for what, after all, is a convenience, though only half the convenience he is entitled to for his money, and it requires a good deal of courage to become a martyr, such as anybody would become who resisted the demands of a conductor.

Perhaps the best way to remedy an evil of which all complain would be to insist upon our rights to seats. Some inconvenience would be felt at first, but no great reforms are carried without inconvenience to somebody. The companies would soon be compelled to double the number of their cars, in order to accommodate their patrons, and it is certainly better that their profits should be diminished than that the public should continue to suffer as they do.

We have left ourselves little room to speak on another point involved in the expulsion of the youngster from the cars, for which the conductor was very properly punished. The courteous custom which a few years ago led men unasked to resign their seats to women has almost disappeared. Perhaps our fair friends have only themselves to blame, because they assumed that to be their right which was only the politeness of others, and they disdained to return the thanks, certainly due to such attentions. We fear, from much we hear, that there is danger that this disregard of what in many cases—as in that of old and infirm persons—is an obvious propriety, being carried too far, and should deeply regret that the legal right to a seat should lead universally to the refusal to resign it in favor of any one who needed it more than ourselves.

Where the Money Comes From.

WITH imposts, Federal and State, amounting this year to about \$100,000,000 on a population of four millions of people in this State—the heaviest rate of taxation in the world—one might have supposed that the demands of our rulers would have been satisfied. But where a tax can be levied there is sure to be somebody to appropriate it, and if the plea of public necessity cannot be raised, that of charity will be invoked. The Commissioners of Emigration are financially among the most successful of our public bodies. Their funds are raised by a commutation tax of two dollars a head levied on every passenger arriving here, whether of first, second, or emigrant class, and paid by the owners of the steamers and sailing ships bringing them. So successful has been their administration, that after paying all their expenses, and laying out half a million of dollars on the buildings on Ward's Island (of which the estimated cost was \$170,000), they have now a reserved fund of \$300,000. Ordinary minds would suppose this was prosperity enough, but the official and political mind is of another cast, and never thinks it has enough while there is more to be got. The Commissioners applied to the last Albany Legislature for permission to raise the tax on emigrants to three dollars a head, probably expecting to obtain half of what they asked, which is exactly what the Legislature granted them, in spite of all remonstrances to the contrary.

At the present rate of immigration, this additional tax of half a dollar will produce at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and what the Commissioners are going to do with it no one except themselves knows. The pretense that the number of immigrants is increasing so rapidly that additional accommodation is necessary, is fully met by the argument, that if the numbers increase, so do the taxes for their support; and it is difficult to see why, if two dollars a head has hitherto supported the immigrant and left a handsome profit besides, two dollars and a half should now be exacted. Conversely, should it be alleged that immigration is about to fall off, for the upholders of this system are capable, as they find it convenient, of using either argument, so likewise will the expenses of the Commissioners be reduced. But with the present rush of the Old World population toward the new homes we offer, the dishonesty of this plea is even more perceptible than the fallaciousness of its reasoning.

We are informed that this tax found especial favor in Albany, because it fell chiefly on foreigners, who own all the steamers. The folly of such a plea is apparent. If immigration be a bad thing for the country, why not

tax it double the present amount, and make foreigners pay a larger share of our taxation? If, on the contrary, it is a positive benefit—and what man in his senses questions it?—why tax it for more than what it actually costs the State? If the absurd navigation laws prevent our own citizens engaging in a lucrative trade, and are so beneficial to the country at large, why should we discourage foreigners from doing what we cannot do? They enrich this country by the sturdy labor they bring hither, they help us to repair the gaps caused by our civil war, and yet the course of legislation is to dam up this fertilizing stream, instead of giving it every encouragement.

We are firmly convinced that if all the surplus funds of the Commissioners, after paying their necessary expenses, were directed to be paid over to the State, this additional tax would never have been asked for. What the Commissioners are going to do with it, it is the duty of the overburdened taxpayers to find out.

TOWN GOSSIP.

SUMMER has come in good earnest, if we may judge from the last few days. A week of such warm weather, with the abundance of preliminary rain we have had, will so excite the vegetable world that the grass and trees could be almost heard to grow. To do it, however, one would have to be somewhere in the country, where the ear could get attuned to silence. Here in the city every one of us is at the mercy of the thousands whose business in life seems to be making a noise.

There is not a street in the city through which every day innumerable carts do not rattle, making all kinds of noise, varying from the deep base rumble of the heavily-loaded double-team, up to the sharp rattle of the light wagon. I was once driven out of a house, situated apparently in a most eligible neighborhood, by the constant procession, some 300 days of the 365 which it is a year usually affords, of the coal-carts, which a coal dealer, who chanced to have established his business some three or four corners below me, used in the active prosecution of his business.

He himself was apparently an estimable man; he was very mild-mannered and courteous in his speech, wore constantly a white cravat, was slightly bald, and doubtless was esteemed by his family. But he was a sad nuisance for all that, and none the less so because he was probably unconscious of it.

All summer long his carts were passing my windows on their endless journeys between his coal-yard and the wharf at which he received his stock. When they passed full over the cobble-stones, suggested as a pavement by some unhappy person whose sins in this matter he is now I presume expiating in some worse purgatory than even Dante ever imagined, the house was jarred to its very foundation. Great as has been the sin against the quiet of his fellow-men committed by the proposer of this style of pavement, I for one trust that he may be spared an eternity of riding in a springless cart over a road paved in this style. Such a punishment would be too great for even his crime.

But when these carts were returning empty for another load, the racket and noise they made was too great for human endurance. Those of my readers who may be of an inquisitive turn of mind, and have exercised this peculiarity in studying the character of the large and dusty army of our fellow-men who pass the years wretched to them here below in preparation for their spiritual existence hereafter in driving the coal carts of this metropolis, may have noticed that, as a class, they do not appear to be persons of a peculiarly nervous and sensitive temperament. In fact none of the writers upon physiology seem to have made such a classification of temperaments as will include them. They are apart and distinct from all the regular divisions of temperaments which prevail in scientific nomenclature. They are able to drive an empty coal-cart, every board and iron bolt of which is loose, and so cunningly arranged that they will jolt and rattle for ever, all day and every day for years, over streets roughly paved with cobble-stones, and not get raving distracted. In fact they rather seem to like the noise they make.

As the ancients fabled an animal they called the Salamander, whose natural element was fire, who was born of and reared in flames, so I really believe that this class of persons is a new species of mankind; that they were produced from the exigencies of cobble-stone pavements and the modern use of coal, as maggots are produced in moldy cheese, or infusoria in stagnant water.

The plausibility of this theory is increased by an observation of their habits. All animals which are the result of this condition of apparently adventitious circumstances, are found to be abnormally active; they wriggle and squirm unceasingly, and seem to be in a state of perpetual catatic movement. It is so with these coal-cart drivers. From early morn to dewy eve they are constantly on the go; and when the cart is empty and rattles the loudest, then they go the fastest, and seem to be the happiest.

Ah! that horrible summer which I was forced to spend in the racket of their endless procession. What could reading, or writing, or conversation, or thought, or food, or love, or any of the avocations of a quiet man, be to me in such a noise? To contend was hopeless, and the house was taken on a lease.

Could a man be blamed under these circumstances if he had sought to drown his sorrows in the bowl, or even himself with all his nerves and both his ears in the river? The noise of London and the dreadful organ-grinders are said to have been the proximate causes of Leech's death. Even now, as I write this, there is a dreadful maniac, somewhere in the neighborhood, with an accordion, and if I went out and shot him, as I would a mad dog, or crush him, as I would a mosquito, the police would arrest me, and the courts would consider it no justification that he was engaged in making the calmness of this early summer evening hideous. You see what crude ideas concerning liberty and justice are in the world.

In Paris, where the streets are covered with asphaltum or macadamized, I once saw a policeman stop a man who was driving a cart filled with iron bars, and make him cover the ends with a piece of cloth and tie them together so that they should not rattle, before he would allow the cart to proceed. But here, however, such a nuisance would be allowed to go when and where he pleased, with the ends of his bars projecting and making such a racket as he passed as will annoy thousands, and no one will raise a finger to stop him.

To the necessary noise of business I do not object,

but to the useless racket and the purposeless noise I do most loudly.

I can close my eyes, or turn them away from objectionable sights, I can shut out or nullify disagreeable smells, but I cannot close my ears, so that from the milkman's unearthly yell in the morning, through the liveliest day, by the peddlers, fishermen, musicians, organists, boys, coal carts, round almost to the milkman again, my ears are rent with useless sounds. Is it necessary to die in order to attain rest? Is it possible that the city of the dead can be the only city where silence can be enjoyed?

The news from Mexico is probably the commencement of the discovery that the world will make of what an impostor Napoleon III. is. It is wonderful that a reputation he has attained for greatness of mind by doing nothing. The only great quality he ever had was the quality of keeping quiet. By never telling what he was going to do, he gained two great advantages. First, he let circumstances set for him, and second, he set all the best thinkers in Europe at work conceiving what he fit-need to do, and telling of it. Thus, with all these plans before him, he could then select what appeared to him the best. This Mexican business is one of the few things he has done of his own free will, and its result shows how much he is to be valued as either a wise or a far-seeing man.

The world has been dazzled however by a success which is worse than failure, and it is always so. Still, however, there are some men, even in France, who have always seen through the imperial mask and caught the vulgar smirk which it concealed. While such pretenders have the tide of fortune in their favor, those whose business in life is but to look on the comedy are forced to be satisfied with an epigram, and if they do not make it too severe, as the author of the "Propos de Labienus," they can enjoy a sort of compensation, and put their protest on record at the same time. Thiers gets the credit for the following good epigrams upon the Emperor, in which he is rightly valued. After the first revelations of his unlucky foreign policy, his majesty was designated as *Une grande incapacité méconnue*, "A great unrecognized incapacity." A man like Peel's on Brougham, "A man of vast and general misinformation." The other evening, so the story runs, some one asked Thiers what he would do in the present condition of things if he were Minister. "I would send Prince Napoleon to England to bring back the ashes of Louis Philippe." And again, a fellow-member of the Corps Legislatif, passing in review the successive Ministers of the Second Empire, M. Thiers broke in with his usual brisk manner, "You forget the two most important who will owe their reputation to the Second Empire." "Which two?" "Why, Count Cavour and Count Bismarck. What would they have been without Napoleon III?"

Amusements in the City.

There have been no very material changes in city amusements, for the week ending Wednesday, June 13th. At the Academy of Music the Japanese still remain the attraction; and at Wallack's the "Flying Scud" also holds the bills. At the Olympic "Treasure Trove" has even redoubled its success, and seems likely to run for a lengthened period. At the New York Theatre the Worrell Sisters have been playing the "Invisible Prince" and "Cinderella," to rather thinner houses than the attractiveness of the bill would have warranted. At the Broadway Miss Lucille Western began her engagement with her ever-popular "East Lynne," and succeeded it on Monday evening, June 10th, with Augustin Daly's version of "Leah the Forsaken," the name of which inevitably suggests comparison with the past rendering of Miss Bateman. At Niblo's the "Black Crook," which was "renewed" on Monday, the 27th, again challenges public admiration. Although several new dances have appeared and the ballet has been very much strengthened, yet Bonfanti, Sangalli, and Rigi are not at all eclipsed; indeed they shine more conspicuously than ever with the new background supplied. The introduction of the new ballet, the "Water Lily," is very effective, the dresses, in particular, being magnificent in the extreme, while the new ball-room scene rivals anything of the kind before produced in America. This renewal is no doubt the cause of the increased attendance, which has been almost equal to that of its first production. At Barnum's, Miss Leo Hudson, who appeared on Monday, the 27th, as Mazeppa, assisted by her favorite, Black Bea, still pursues her mad career up the dizzy heights of the back scenes, while her athletic proportions combine with the million-and-one of curiosities to render the Museum more popular than ever. At the Bowery, Mr. Proctor concluded his engagement on Saturday, the 1st. Miss Fanny Herring, so long a favorite at the Bowery, began an engagement at Lingard's Theatre on Monday, the 27th, in a round of favorite characters. The musical event of the season, and, indeed, of the time, has been the inauguration of Mr. Harrison's Great Musical Festival at Steinway Hall, on Monday, June 10th. Further comment in this connection is unnecessary, as it is dealt with in *extenso* in another department of this number. Mr. Theodore Thomas revives at Terrace Garden, Third Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, on Monday, June 10th, his summer concert, so popular at that place last year. On Monday, May 27th, Signor Mazzoleni gave his farewell concert at Irving Hall, assisted by many professional friends and with a full and appreciative audience. The remains of Ariadne Ward, which left Southampton, England, on the steamer Deutschland, on the 21st of May, reached this city at the commencement of the week, and proper arrangements have been made to pay them fitting honors before their removal to their last resting-place in Maine. The rumor prevalent a few days since of disaster to the steamship Ville de Paris, which carried Madame Ristori and troupe, has proved entirely untrue, as advices have been received of the safe and speedy arrival of that vessel at Brest. Although the daily papers have announced and commented on the marriage of Miss Madeline Henriques to Mr. Louis Jenuin, the New York correspondent of the London Times, still this journal desires to add its congratulations, although late, to the many that have already been uttered, combined with sincere desires for the happiness of both bride and bridegroom in the new relation.

ART GOSSIP.

BIERSTADT'S picture of the "Domes of the Yo-Semite" has been sent to Boston, where it is to remain on exhibition for some time. We understand that Mr. Bierstadt will soon leave this city for Europe, where he intends to sojourn for several months.

One of the best portraits yet painted of the popular tragedian, Edwin Booth, has lately been finished by Le Clear, whose power of seizing character is exemplified in several other portraits also to be seen in his studio.

A very striking full-length figure of General Sedgwick has lately been completed in plaster by Launt Thompson. The figure is about two feet high, representing the general leaning upon his sword, and clothed in the easy uniform worn by officers when on field service—a costume very well adapted for reproduction by the sculptor's art. From this model Mr. Thompson is going to build up his large statue of the general, which is to be cast in bronze, and set up in the grounds of the Military Academy at West Point.

Two pictures by Constant Mayer are now on exhibition in Schau's gallery, entitled respectively, "Love's Melancholy" and "Poetical Thoughts." Many of our readers are familiar with the first-named of these pic-

tures, which was on view in the Academy exhibition of last year. An excellent chromo-lithograph from it has lately been executed by Fabronius, through whose enterprise and skill this branch of reproductive art is already making good progress here. "Poetical Thoughts," a picture of sentiment, like most of the subjects treated by Mr. Mayer, represents a young woman of the fervid type, and somewhat dramatic in pose, looking up at the heavens, the expression of her face betokening inspiration. The treatment of this picture is opposite in color and action to "Love's Melancholy," the repose of the latter being strongly contrasted with the vividness and restless mind of the lady with "Poetical Thoughts."

A number of interesting works in marble have lately been imported from Italy by Messrs. Ball & Black, some of them the work of such well-known sculptors as Romanelli, Rosetti, Harriet Hosmer and Hiram Powers.

An admirable piece of work, both for modeling and finish, is a statuette copy of the Apollo Belvidere, by Rosetti, whose embodiment of "Freedom"—a beautiful Circassian girl, kneeling, with a broken chain beside her—is also to be seen here.

From the chisel of Romanelli there is an idealization of William Tell's son, and another of Napoleon I. in his juvenile days, both excellent for conception and design.

Miss Hosmer's idealization of "Puck" was also to be seen, lately, at Messrs. Ball & Black's, but we understand that it has gone to the private gallery of a connoisseur of this city.

A copy in marble, by Hiram Powers himself, of his model for the head of "Columbia," is also on view here—a work of much force and beauty of expression.

Messrs. C. A. Stevens & Co., No. 40 Fourteenth Street, Union Square, have now on view in their show-room, two pictures, just finished by Granville Perkins for James Archer, Esq., of St. Louis. These pictures are compositions from South American scenery, representing the singular forms of ground and vegetation peculiar to the tropics, as seen under the atmospheric effects of morning and evening respectively. They are full of fine color, and of feeling for nature in her wildest and most luxuriant aspects. Mr. Perkins has now upon his easel two other subjects, also of tropical scenery, which will probably be placed on exhibition when completed. His studio is in the Somerville Art Gallery, corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

From the Police Quarterly Report, ending April 30, 1867, the following statistics may be interesting. Total number of arrests—Males, 15,302; females, 4,914; total 20,216. Ages of those arrested—From 10 to 20, males 2,680; females 715; from 20 to 30, males 5,685; females 2,066; from 30 to 40, males 3,598; females 1,196; from 40 to 50, males 2,091; females 617; over 50, males 848; females 320. Of those arrested, 6,653 were married, and 8,549 single. Of females 1,868 were married, and 3,046 single; 14,101 males and 3,555 females could read and write; 54 males and 44 females could neither read nor write; and 1,047 males and 1,315 females could only read. Nationalities of those arrested: United States (white) males 5,594; females 1,291; United States (black) males 188; females 68. Ireland, males 6,306; females 2,033. Germany, males 2,014; females 294. England, males 511; females 178. Scotland, males 208; females 55. France, males 126; females 22. Europe, males 137; females 26. British Provinces, males 91; females 33. Asia, males 13; females 1. Africa, males 1; females 1. West Indies, males 20; females 23. South America, males 3; females 3. Total males 15,202; total females 4,914. Among those arrested were 34 artists, 12 actors, 104 agents, 84 brokers, 73 bootblacks, 302 bartenders, 1,020 clerks, 14 contractors, 61 conductors, 2 clergymen, 10 dentists, 13 editors, 30 firemen, 31 gamblers, 16 hotel-keepers, 30 lawyers, 194 merchants, 38 musicians, 10 United States officers, 28 city officers, 5 pilots, 31 physicians, 5 policemen, 240 printers, 1,383 prostitutes, 11 reporters, 82 soldiers, 100 scholars, 21 speculators, 22 teachers, 11 telegraph operators, 82 thieves, 3 undertakers, and 13 watchmen.

Randolph county, in Georgia, is described as a small, but exceedingly fertile county, with superabundance of water-power. It is separated from Alabama by the Chattahoochee River, and is traversed in every direction by good-sized creeks, capable of running mills without cost for every species of manufactures. The names of these streams are hard to spell, and harder to pronounce, (*scæpi gratia*: Oet-hnee, Cemocheobee, Ichawynochaway and Hodehobee), but beyond a few grist and saw-mills of primitive construction, their power, which is sufficient to drive all the machinery in New England, is unemployed and profitless. And yet the possessors of a country like this were fanatical in their support of slavery, and even now can hardly be made to see that industry is all they want to get them out of their troubles.

The owner of a tenement house, who refused to put a fire escape upon it, was recently fined and sent also to the Penitentiary for a month. This is a step in the right direction; let us continue in this path, until the owners of unimproved and badly improved real estate in this city are so fined while they keep their property in this condition that they will find it for their interest to either improve it or sell it. There is power to remove forcibly non-paying establishments from the city limits, and the same thing should be done with the large majority of our tenement-houses, which are greater public nuisances. Burials are now forbidden within the city, and the tenement-houses, which are worse for their influence on the city's health and morals than the graveyards were, should also be abolished.

It is said by those learned in such prognostications, that the fashion of small bonnets for ladies is going to be replaced by the use of mantillas. The bonnets have already reached the infinitesimal size, which brings them into the category of things to be disregarded, so that, growing small by degrees and beautifully less, they will soon disappear entirely, and be replaced by the mantilla fashion.

A gang of pickpockets on a Third Avenue car, recently beat the conductor with a slung shot, for trying to arrest one of them, whom he caught in the act of taking a passenger's watch. The police were, of course, not to be found. Things are rapidly coming to such a pass that a ride up town will be as dangerous as a journey across the plains, so that it would perhaps be wise to take time by the forelock, and recall Sherman to New York, making his duty here to protect the lines of travel on our city railroads.

The co-operative movement is on the increase; several trades are taking active steps to commence co-operative stores.

As the settlers of Russian America come eastward from Russia, bringing with the Russian flag western time, the day is earlier by twenty-four hours with them than with us, so that their Sunday is our Saturday, and the other days of the week are in corresponding discord. This must be rectified according to the national meridian, so that there may be the same Sunday for all, and the other days of the week shall be in corresponding harmony. Of course, the unreformed calendar, received from Russia, will give place to ours; Old Style yielding to New Style.

The Hickeys society of Friends have been holding their yearly meeting, and from the report of their proceedings it would appear as though the principal trouble they find is that the young members of the faith are so attracted by the world as to neglect the spirit, wear worldly clothes, accepting worldly offices, and actually received and pocket money for the same. This fearful dereliction from the truth is the source of great unhappiness to many of the old members, but they cannot seem to propose an antidote which will be sure of prevention.

The dangerous nuisance of throwing orange-peel on the sidewalk has recently excited enough attention to call out letters in the daily papers. The difficulty is that the public convenience in thousands of other respects, more important than bits of orange-peel, is considered as nothing against private rights. The remedy is convincing people that public and private interests are identical.

General W. T. Sherman having been invited to a public reception in this city, when on his way to join the expedition to the Holy Land, has written a letter in reply in which he says that in his opinion the present condition of our Indian frontier demands his personal attention, and that consequently he has determined to forego the pleasure of the intended trip, and will therefore not be able to come to this city at present.

The Shaker community at Lebanon, and the unbelievers in the village also, have been greatly excited during the past week by the unusual proceeding of a marriage between two youthful refugees from the community, who finding nature stronger than Shakerdom, had fled the community and were married incontinently. They justify themselves probably by saying, that when they resolved to remain Shakers until death, they did not think they would live to be married.

A Normal school for instructing negro teachers is designed for Virginia, and plans have been put into operation by which it is hoped that the school will be in operation by next fall. It would be well perhaps for the descendants of Poughkeepsie in that State to start a similar institution for their own improvement, since otherwise the darker the complexion the greater may be the claim to consideration as an F. V. V.

The rowing clubs of and around New York celebrated their opening day on the 29th of May in splendid style. Since the close of the last season these hitherto adverse organizations have been banded together in one grand body known as the "Hudson Amateur Rowing Association." This association, of which Mr. Benjamin F. Brady is the respected president, promises to create a change in the working of the clubs composing it, and a salutary change at that. There will be plenty of match races this season; each club will row every other club, and then there is to be a regatta in September, to which all clubs in the country will be invited. In fact a new era dawns for the rowing confraternities of this city, that promises to place them on an equal footing with any similar organizations in the world.

Foreign.

The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control, having its seat in London, has recently issued its annual report, from which it appears that during the past year they have received over £8,000, and expended over £6,000.

In an essay upon "Bribery," written by Professor Rogers, the author says, "In fact the majority of the House of Commons is seated either by bribery or profuse expenditure." Would it be possible that the people of England could be less truly represented by universal suffrage than they are by the present system?

The Emperor of the French has received a prize for the model house for workmen, which he exhibited at the Exposition. His efforts in this direction will, let us trust, more successful than his efforts to vindicate the Latin races, by such attempts as the establishment of an empire in Mexico.

A most severe hail-storm has recently taken place in England. The size of the stones is described as something extraordinary, they appearing to be formed of a conglomeration of several lumps of the ordinary size.

An Italian sculptor, named Vincenzo Vela, exhibits in the Exposition at Paris, a statue of Napoleon dying, which excites great admiration. The emperor is seated in an arm-chair, with a cushion behind his shoulders; a cloth wrapped about him leaves half his chest exposed. His face is worn by suffering and wasted by disease, while the eyes alone are full of life, and seem to look forward into the future, while expressing at the same time regret for his distant home. The pose is admirable, and the whole work is simply and grandly conceived. It has been bought by the present emperor.

Mr. Cole, of the South Kensington Museum, being desirous of publishing a catalogue of works of art, designed to do it as an advertisement in the London Times, and though it would cost about \$25,000 to do it, succeeded in actually getting the permission of the trustees. Fortunately, however, the Times, finding that the job would be a very troublesome one, refused it.

A Mr. Layard and a Mr. Lewis, both members of the House of Commons, had recently a vituperative match on the floor of that assembly, which, in its disgraceful character, is said to have been such as would surpass even a similar scene in the hall of our Common Council. And yet we are constantly hearing of the superior dignity of English legislative bodies as compared with our own.

On the first dividend day of 1865, it appeared that the national debt of England was held by less than 127,000 persons.

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech, illustrated his opinion of the Liberal party of England by a little story. A huntsman in pursuit of a fox met a countryman, and asked him if the animal had passed that way. "Yes," he replied, "I saw him pass, and he ran up that tree." The fox, it appears, was a squirrel. Through Lincoln's example, the use of apposite illustrative stories is spreading.

The tin trade of Cornwall is exceedingly depressed, and the reason given for it is the discovery of tin in the Dutch island of Banca.

Eight hundred copies of the fac-simile of the first folio edition of Shakespeare, by the process of photo-lithography, under the direction of Howard Staunton, the chess authority in England, are to be soon sold at auction in London. From such a large remainder being offered for sale, it would appear that the sale of the edition has not been very large, and in fact the success of the reproduction has not been as great as it was expected to be.

The Pall Mall Gazette shows, from an examination of the statistics from the Home Office, that supposing each murder to be committed by a separate person, then during the last ten years four-fifths of the murders committed have passed unpunished.

A pauper in London, named Pannuir, recently complained to the guardians of Bethnal Green poorhouse that he is detained as a prisoner, after the other casual recipients of the hospitality of that establishment are set free in the morning, because he had written to the papers an account of the ill-treatment the poor, who were forced to apply for a night's lodging, received at the hands of those in authority.

The spread of ritualism in England has arrived at such a pitch that a debate concerning it was recently held in Parliament.

Arrangements have been made by which workmen from all countries in Europe can go in bodies to the Great Exposition, and enjoy a week or more at Paris at very small expense.

In a church in London, in Elgin Road, Kensington Park, of which the Rev. H. Marchmont is pastor, and in which the singing is excellent, and the ritualism sufficiently pronounced to be attractive, the services were recently diversified by the pastor's making a speech just before their commencement, in which he requested any one who had heard a "gentleman" swear publicly in the church the Sunday before, to be present and testify the next day in court, since the person had been indicted for the offense. Shortly after commencing the sermon, the pastor stopped and rebuked some young ladies in the congregation, who were engaged in telegraphing to the "gentlemen of the choir," for their "immodesty and profanity." These proceedings seemed to excite great interest in the congregation.

Cruikshanks, the artist, gets an annuity of £95 a year from the recent distribution of the privy purse fund.

At Moscow an ethnographical exhibition is to be opened this summer at which a Pan-slavic display of nationalities will be one of the attractions.

A barrister of the Temple, London, whose name is Lamb, was recently arrested on the charge of being drunk and disorderly, he having frightened two women by running after them, and calling out that he was the devil. The judge on sentencing him to a fine of ten shillings regretted that he had not spoken the truth, since if he had his capture would have been of great advantage.

The Pictorial Spirit of the European Illustrated Press.

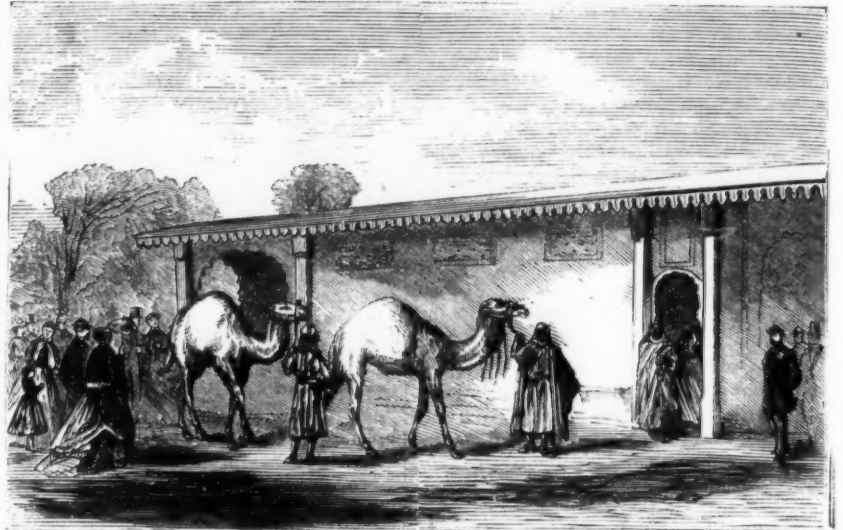


TURKISH MOSQUE AND PALACE OF THE PASHA OF EGYPT, IN THE PARK OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The Turkish Mosque and Palace of the Pasha of Egypt, in the Park of the Great Exposition, Paris.

We give this week a series of illustrations from the

square in form, is surmounted by a cupola, and has a minaret rising up at the western end, from the summit of which, in Eastern countries, the muezzin, as every one knows, summons the faithful to prayer. This



NUBIANS EXERCISING THE EGYPTIAN CAMELS IN THE PARK OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.

cornice is also Byzantine, lightened to suit Turkish taste by the introduction of the purely Arab stalactite ornament. Circular latticed buildings on each side of the entrance, with widely projecting roofs, represent

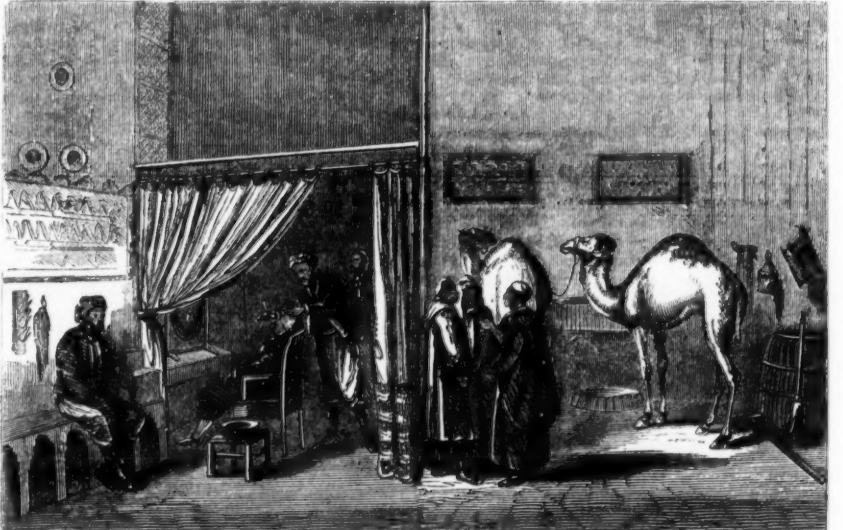
of the faithful, who enter the holy place with bared feet, so as not to run the risk of contaminating it with aught that is foul. According to strict rule, Mohammedans alone can enter the mosque; but this



TUNISIAN CAFE IN THE BEY'S PALACE, IN THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.

great Exposition, and the park surrounding it. The principal structure in the Turkish section of the park is the miniature mosque, a reduction, on a diminutive

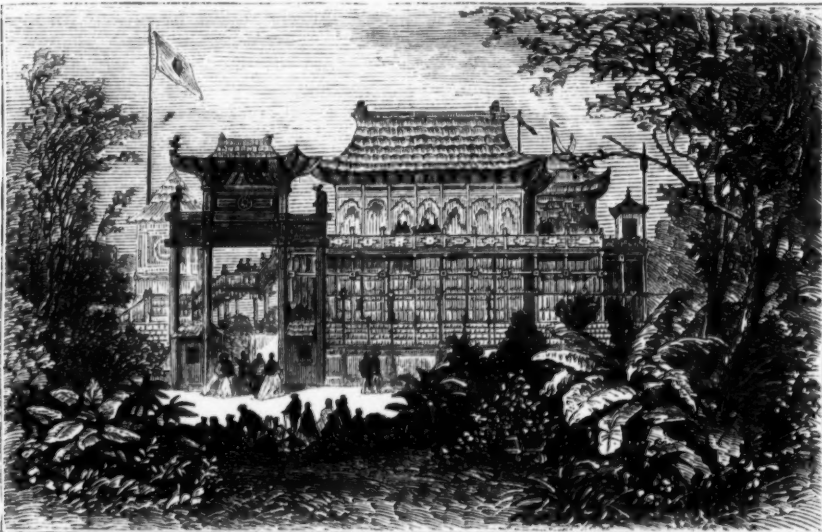
minaret gives but a faint idea of that at Broussa, which is no less than 220 feet high. The style of architecture of this toy mosque is that of mixed Saracenic and By-



TUNISIAN BARBER-SHOP AND CAMEL-STABLE, UNDER THE BEY'S PALACE, IN THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

the drinking fountains with which Turkish piety has so plentifully endowed their cities. Bright metal cups of the pure element are constantly supplied by a servant

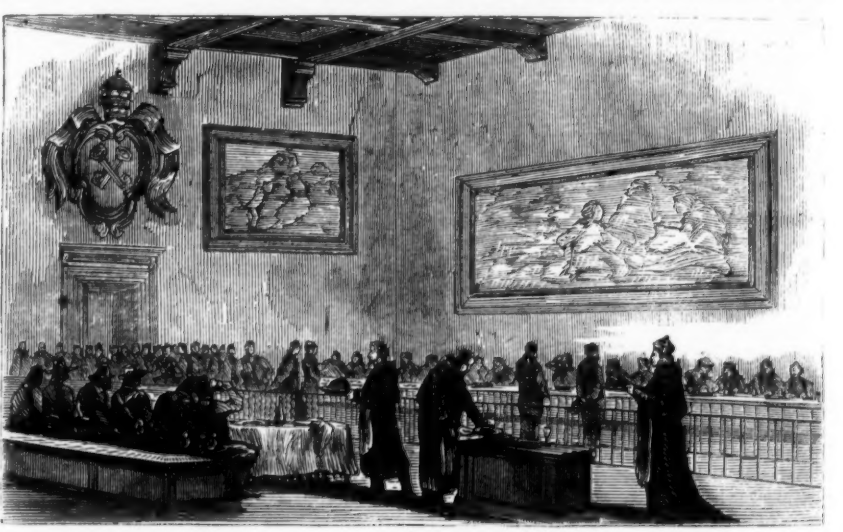
rule is relaxed in many cities of the East, and unbelievers are admitted after removing their boots and encasing their feet in slippers provided for the purpose



VIEW OF THE CHINESE QUARTER IN THE PARK OF THE GREAT EXPOSITION, PARIS.

scale, of the famous green mosque of Broussa, erected by Sultan Mahomet I., and which, we are told, has been scrupulously copied in all its parts, even to the smallest details of ornamentation. The building, which is

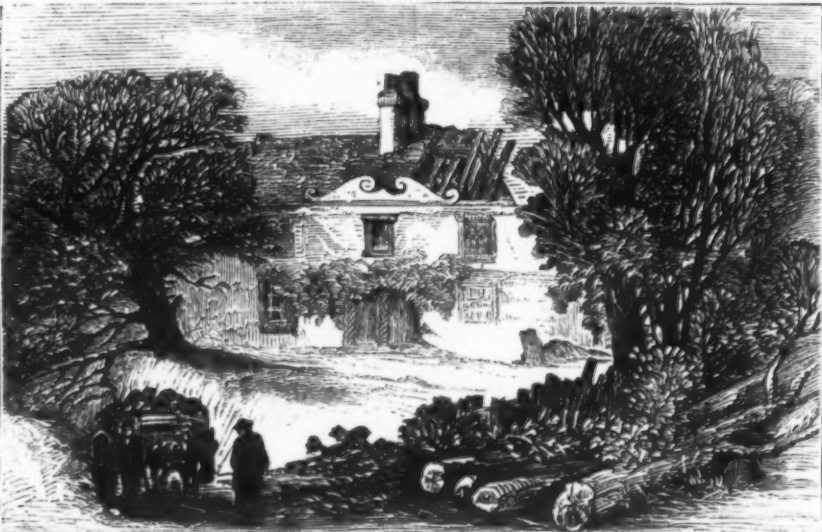
zantine which the Greek architects, whom all the Turkish Sultans have employed, imposed upon their conquerors. The combination of cube and triangle which may be traced throughout is Greek; the heavy



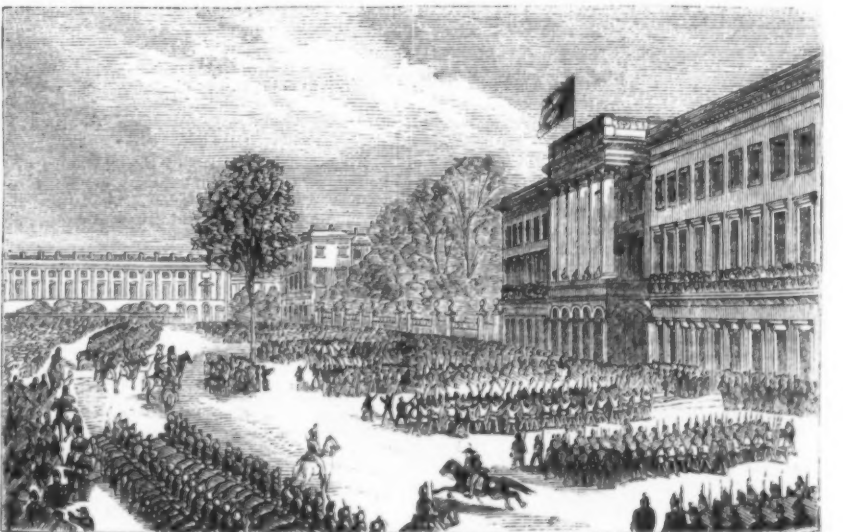
HOLY WEEK IN ROME—SUPPER OF THE PILGRIMS IN THE HOSPITAL DE LA TRINITA DEL PELLEGRINI.

whose sole occupation is this. They are placed on the circular slab of marble in which the lattice is fixed. Before entering the mosque itself, we have to pass through a vestibule, destined to receive the shoes

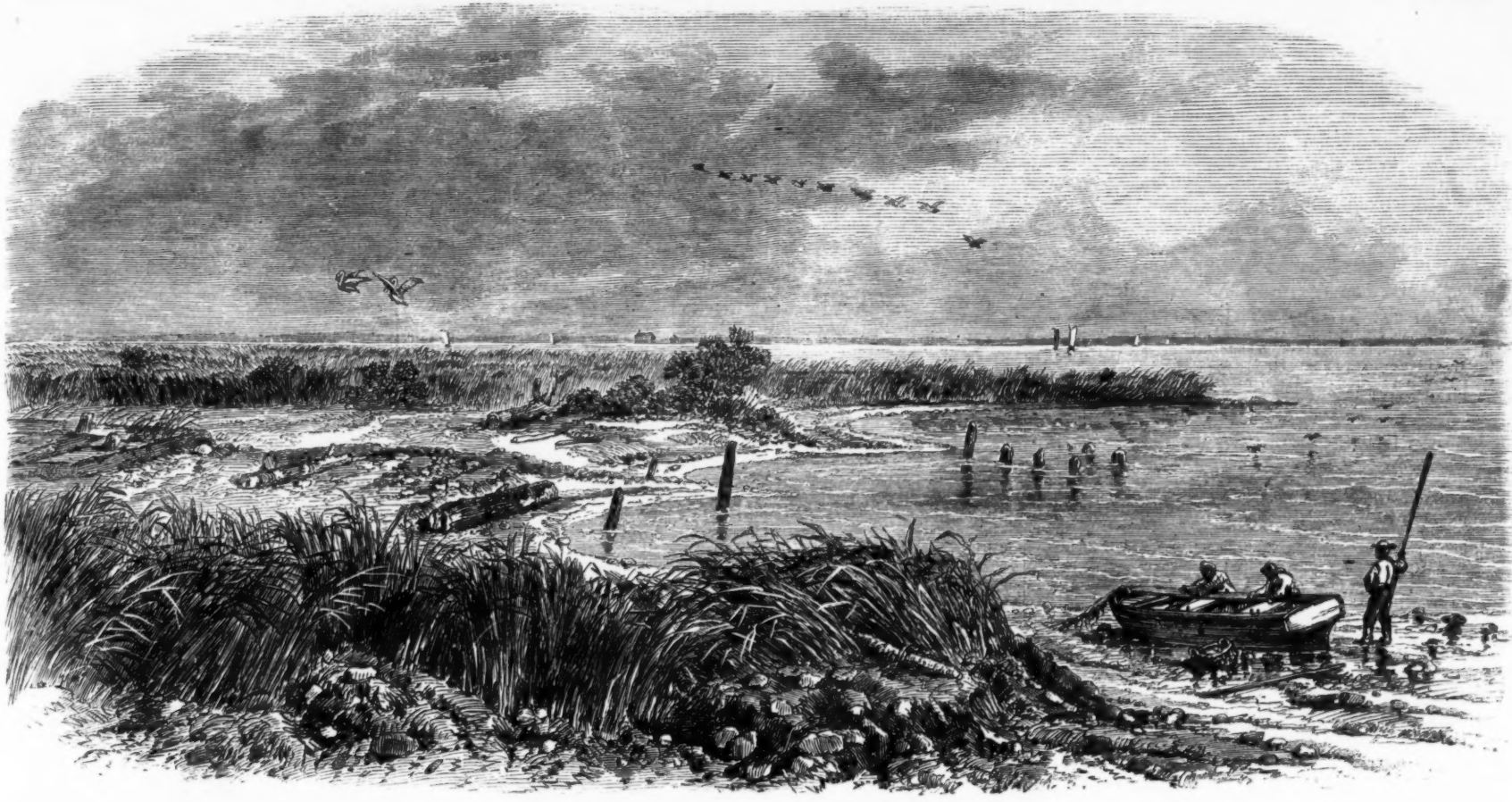
Nothing, however, of this kind of formality has to be gone through at the mosque in the Champ de Mars. No matter how dirty a visitor's boots are, he will not be denied admittance. The custodian of the building is,



SIR RICHARD STEELE'S COTTAGE, HAVERSTOCK HILL, LONDON, IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.



ENTRY INTO BRUSSELS OF THE COUNT OF FLANDERS AND THE PRINCESS MARIE DE HOHENZOLLEHN.



SITE OF JEAN LAFITTE'S FORT, GRAND TERRE ISLAND, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 204.

o all appearance, an Algerian Jew. No true Mussulman, we suppose, would have undertaken the office, or would be even momentarily a witness of the desecration of all that was in his eyes most sacred. The niche immediately facing the entrance represents the Mihrah, which designates the Kiblah or the direction of prayer. It is adorned with colored tiles, made in Paris from Oriental patterns. The inscription, in elegant Arabic characters, white on a dark blue ground, is the usual invocation: "In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate; there is no aid and no power but in God." The throne verse from the Koran, twice repeated, black on a white ground, runs round the entire cornice. The only decorations common to the interior of a mosque are arabesques, intermixed with verses from the Koran. It is well-known that the orthodox traditions of the Mohammedans absolutely forbid to them the representation of animate or inanimate objects, and the Imams declare that at the Last Judgment all the figures executed by painters or sculptors will come and demand of their authors to give them souls, under pain of everlasting torment. The floor is covered with carpets and mats, and, as in the Spanish and Russian churches, there are no seats. At the south-east corner of the building rises the lofty stand or pulpit for the Imam, which seems out of proportion to the size of the building. It is from it that the Imam pronounces the Friday homily. In general two green flags are hung from the triumphal arch which gives entrance to the long, straight stair leading to it; and in St. Sophia and other churches taken from the Christians the preacher carries a sword with him into the pulpit. Slightly to the west of the Turkish mosque is the Salemlik, or palace of the Viceroy of Egypt, which has been prepared by the Egyptian Commission for his use when he visits the Exhibition during his contemplated sojourn in Paris this coming summer. This Salemlik is an elegant Oriental pavilion, surmounted by a cupola, which, as well as the doors and decorations of the ceilings, the walls and the pediments, is in the purest Arab taste. Over the entrance is an Arabic inscription from the Koran, which is frequently placed on Eastern dwellings: "O Thou who openest the doors! open unto us the door of Good." One might suppose that Arab artists, whose religion forbids them to reproduce any living thing, would have found themselves barren of resources in their attempts to decorate their architectural monuments, and that, owing to this prohibition, the development of art itself would have been utterly checked; but such is not the case. The Arab artists, reduced to a few flourishes and geometrical figures, have contrived to draw from them a marvelous result; they have also profited by the beauty of the Arabic written character to make it figure in all their friezes, thereby adding the feeling of reverence arising from the contemplation of sacred texts, and the pleasures derivable from choice extracts from their most celebrated poets, to the purely sensuous effect of their elaborate and richly-colored decorations. The principal apartment of the Salemlik is a reproduction of the chamber in which the present Viceroy was born. Nothing could give a more exact idea of actual Oriental life. The furniture, the hangings, the carving and painting of the ceiling, the marble floor, with a fountain in the centre, the two delightful terraces which give access to the garden, and the rich accessories united in this pavilion, make up a faithful image of Oriental luxury, such as it is to-day. Around the principal apartment, lighted by a fine dome and large windows, with balconies, are four cabinets, into which the Viceroy can retire to work or to repose. The doors of this pavilion, which have been made at Cairo by Arab artists, are ornamented with antique locks and inlaid work of pierced metal. The outer walls are painted with broad bands of blue and white, according to the ordinary Eastern fashion.

Tunisian Cafe in the Bey's Palace, in the Great Exposition, Paris.

One of the most complete and most expensively-constructed edifices in the park is the palace or pavilion of the Bey of Tunis, said to be a model, on a reduced scale, of that at Barda. On the right and left of the external staircase of the building are two guard-houses, and two strongly-grated dens for the reception of wild beasts, which, however, are not yet installed. Below the state apartments, on the eastern side of the palace, is an Arab cafe, the ceiling of which is decorated with *disco-pures* done by hand, and of admirable workmanship. In this establishment, the counterpart of a real Tunisian cafe, and which is presided over by a Tunisian

belle, in native costume, who has none of the customary Oriental squeamishness about concealing her features, one can drink of their unique coffee, served in the small egg-cup. A vocal and instrumental concert, in which the admirers of M. Felicien David's "Desert" will discover what real Oriental music is like, and the notes of which, though but few, are to the ears of most people by far too many, is generally going on within this cafe. A mandoline, a one-stringed viol, a sort of drum and a tambourine are the instruments used by the performers, and the effect is all that could be expected. It requires a very peculiar training of the ear—a long course of the Scotch bagpipes might answer the purpose—to appreciate Arab music, and those to whom the singing sounds only like a pitiful discordant howl, must ascribe their want of enjoyment to their own utter ignorance of Semitic art.

View of the Chinese Quarter in the Park of the Great Exposition, Paris.

This view of the Chinese quarter shows the peculiar architecture, airy but strong, which is practiced by that singular people. The singular outline of the roofs, and the fantastic ornaments, give a strange air to all their buildings. The Chinese, like all nations of the East, use sentences from their poets and sacred books as ornaments, their style of letters offering great chances for such a use of them.

Sir Richard Steele's Cottage, Haverstock Hill, London.

An interesting relic of English literary biography in London was that known as "Steele's Cottage," long the residence of Sir Richard Steele, which is now being pulled down. Its situation is exactly opposite the Load of Hay public-house on Haverstock Hill, a well-known hostelry of the past as of the present day. It was perhaps to accommodate Sir Richard Steele that the Club held its meetings at the Upper Flaak, at Highgate. Most of our readers, since Thackeray's lectures revived our interest in the English humorists of the eighteenth century, know something about the worthy knight as a literary colleague and companion of Addison. He was born in Dublin, in 1671; his father was private secretary to James, Duke of Ormond. Steele was sent to the Charterhouse to be educated, where he met and contracted his friendship with Addison; thence he went to Oxford, where, while an undergraduate, he held the small post of "postmaster." On leaving the University he enlisted in the Guards; but his literary attainments attracted the attention of Lord Cutts, his Colonel, and he obtained an Ensign's commission. In 1702 he first appeared in public as an author by the performance of his admirable comedy, "The Funeral," or "Grief à la Mode." This and all his dramas had the special merit of being exempt from those impurities which had dis-

graced the stage under Farquhar, Wycherly and Congreve. In 1709 he began the *Tatler*, the pioneer of our periodical literature. He was a staunch Whig, on good terms with the Whig statesmen of the day, fellow-members of the renowned "Kit Kat" club; and his party made him a Commissioner of Stamps. In 1711 he began, in conjunction with Addison, the *Spectator*, and in 1713 the *Guardian*. In the latter year he was dismissed from his office by the Tories. He was then elected M.P. for Stockbridge, in Hampshire, but was soon dismissed from the House of Commons for writing two political pamphlets, which were held to be treasonable. When arraigned at the bar of the House he was warmly supported by his friends—Lord Stanhope stood at one side of him, Addison at the other. He spoke for three hours, with spirit and eloquence; but the *Crisis* and the *Englishman* were declared by a great majority to be "scandalous libels," and he was expelled. On the accession of George I. Steele was rewarded for his faithfulness to the Hanoverian cause, being knighted, and made surveyor of the stables at Hampton Court. He re-entered Parliament, wrote much, suffered much from poverty, which he owed partly, like too many sons of genius, to his own improvidence. Some time before his death he left the cottage on Haverstock Hill, and retired into Wales; and finally, at his seat Llangunnor, near Carmarthen, he died on September 1, 1729. He married twice. His second wife brought him a small estate and one daughter, who married Lord Trevor, of Bromham. Steele's chief fame arises from his genius as an essayist on the lighter topics of social life. He exhibits an easy Horatian humor, with singular purity in language, much dramatic skill, and some inventive power. In conjunction with his graver and more elevated colleague, Addison, he formed the taste and reformed the manners of that generation of which he was, indeed, an ornament; and so long as our language is read his essays will be appreciated for their geniality, their freshness and liveliness, and their wholesome good sense. The only allusion we find Steele makes to his residence here is in a letter of his to Pope, dated June 1, 1712: "I am at a solitude, a house between Hampstead and London, where Sir Charles Sedley died. This circumstance set me a thinking and ruminating upon the employments in which men of wit exercise themselves," &c.

Nubians Exercising the Egyptian Camels in the Park of the Great Exposition, Paris.

The camels, or rather the dromedaries, which are installed in the Egyptian quarter of the Champ de Mars, belong to what is called the *mahari*, or running, as opposed to the carrying species, and may be recognized by its white color. There are falcons in Algeria, and an Arab chief values them as a European baron of the Middle Ages was wont to do. But there are no carrier-pigeons—birds which the Chinese have turned into a living telegraph. For want of pigeons the Arabs use *mahari* for messages. If they have an order or a secret of importance to transmit to a long distance, a messenger starts on one of these animals. The *mahari* sets off with its perpetual trot, and never stops until it has arrived at the end of his journey—sometimes fifty leagues from the beginning. The reader can imagine what kind of state the rider is in when he returns home and dismounts from his uneasy seat.

Tunisian Barber-Shop and Camel-Stable, under the Bey's Palace, in the Great Exposition.

At the side of this café, and at the front of the palace, which faces the direction of the Seine, is to be seen a genuine Arab barber's shop, above the door of which hangs the usual metal basin, and which is furnished inside with an immense divan, where his customers can extend and repose themselves. The barber's shop in the East is the rendezvous of Oriental gossipers, the barber being the gazette of all the current *on dita*. The barber and the neighboring café represent three-fourths of Tunisian life. The two together form the true club; here one hears related not only the stories of to-day and of yesterday, but often those of to-morrow.

Holy Week in Rome.—Supper of the Pilgrims in the Hospital de la Trinita dei Pellegrini.

This hospital was founded in the fifteenth century for the accommodation of the pilgrims who flock to Rome during Holy Week. Here they are lodged and fed gra-



HON HENRY R. ANTHONY, OF RHODE ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 204.

tauntfully for three days, and this favor is frequently renewed two or three times. It has increased in wealth and extent so that in 1825 seventy thousand pilgrims partook of its hospitality. During Holy Week it is each evening the resort of the curious, who flock to see the ceremony of washing the pilgrim's feet, and their supper, at which the attendance is performed by the cardinals and the distinguished prelates and private citizens of Rome, who have formed an association for the purpose. After the feet-washing the pilgrims gather in a long hall and are given a supper of soup, with two other plates, rice, vegetables or fritters. Then there is a dessert of nuts, while to each is provided a pot of wine and another of water. The public are freely admitted to observe. There is also a department for women, into which only women are admitted, as visitors.

Entry into Brussels of the Count of Flanders and the Princess Marie de Hohenzollern.

The marriage of the Count of Flanders, the brother of the King of Belgium, with the Princess Marie de Hohenzollern, was celebrated in Berlin the 26th of April, 1867. On the return of the royal pair to Brussels a most magnificent reception was tendered them, a portion of which is shown in our illustration.

HOUSELESS.

—“Home she had none.”

No home, though a thousand doors
Stand open; though floods of light,
Streaming from halls and stores,
Shine on the streets by night!
No shelter, though doors are wide;
No pity, though wealth untold
Is given; though winds are cold
No hand to lead her inside!

No rest, though the sad feet ache;
No mercy, no word of cheer;
No eye, for her poor frail sake,
Dim with a sister's tear!
No shelter, though limbs are stiff;
No help, though the throat is dry;
No question of voices nigh;
No drying of eyes from grief!

No supper, though hunger gnaws
With a fierce and a gripping whine;
No draught, though the goblet pours
O'er the carpets its golden wine!
No seat in the ample hall,
No chair by the blazing fire;
No sleep for the eyes that tire;
No ear that will hear her call!

No light, though the proud red sun
Brings in the golden day;
No peace, when the days are done,
When the twilight dies away!
No hope in the stars of heaven,
No hope in the skies above,
No dream of the long-dead love,
No prayer for the old hearts riven!

No weary feet steps mounting,
No jewels of hers abroad;
Broken the bowl at the fountain,
Loosened the silver cord!
Only one missed on the morrow;
Only a river flowing;
Only a tired soul going
Where there is no more sorrow!

THE MULATTO ARTIST.

THE opinion has too long prevailed, and has been too extensively circulated in certain interested and prejudiced quarters, that the negro race, even when mixed with European blood, is deficient of those more refined sentiments which constitute excellence in poetry, music and art. Many instances may be cited to contradict this unfounded and unjust libel on a large but unfortunate portion of our fellow-men. One, little known, is that of Paréja, the celebrated painter. Out of the thousands that have gazed with delight upon his works, few have been aware that the artist who designed and executed them was a mulatto and a slave.

Philip IV. of Spain, the munificent patron of Velasquez, desired that distinguished artist to paint a portrait of the Spanish Admiral Paréja, then just returned from serving with honor on the coast of South America. The naval warrior, delighted at seeing himself so well represented, called on Velasquez a few days after the picture was finished, bringing with him a young mulatto slave, who carried a costly gold chain as a present to the painter. When the admiral was about taking leave the slave was preparing to follow, but the rude sailor pushed him back with his foot, saying, “Do you think that when I give a gold chain the bearer is not to go with it? Learn that for the future you belong to Signor Velasquez.”

The poor mulatto, with the subdued air ever attendant on a state of slavery, his thick lips and woolly head, seemed to the pupils of Velasquez to be only a strange animal, with which they might amuse themselves with impunity. The manner he had entered the studio, by a kick, was an inexhaustible source of practical jokes for them. In ridicule they gave him the name of his former master, a name which he ever retained. Velasquez employed him in grinding the colors and keeping the studio in order, and always treated him with kindness and consideration; but, whenever the master went out, the slave had to suffer a continual persecution from the mischief-loving and thoughtless pupils. For a long time he endured this treatment with silent resolution. At last, worried to despair with those petty annoyances, he contrived a plan of avoiding them, which he practiced by taking refuge in an almost inaccessible garret during the absence of Velasquez.

It has been well said that man is an imitator, that industry promotes industry, and that the arts are propagated by contact. But a very great deal more than the mere application of these sayings is required to form an artist; still, at the same time, it must be confessed that circum-

stances often awaken a feeling of art in minds in which it does not seem innate. Juan could not see painting for two years, during which time he heard persons of the greatest rank extol it to the highest degree, without feeling an unconquerable desire of being able to use the pencil himself. He therefore, in order to relieve the tedium of the long hours he waited in his lonely garret, endeavored to paint. He had only old brushes, that the pupils had thrown away as no longer fit for use, and small fragments of color, the refuse of the studio. He was quite aware that he was only a dauber, but he found a delightful charm in the occupation, and he was so quiet about it, that neither Velasquez nor his pupils had ever suspected him of having the slightest idea of painting.

Diego Velasquez was, at the period of which we write, not more than thirty-four years of age, but he had already made himself a name in Spain, and Philip IV., a lover of the arts, was one of the first to recognize the genius of the painter, an appointment him to be a chamberlain, an office never previously given but to men of high birth and rank.

A GREAT bustle might have been observed in the house of Velasquez one fine morning. The fore court was being freshly sanded, carpets were under the process of relaying, the paintings were being arranged in their best lights—everything, in short, betokened that it was no common visitor that was expected. In the midst of all the bustle, no one was busier than the poor slave, though every person was giving him orders, and all seemed excited with the anticipation of some great occurrence. Two illustrious persons were, in fact, to visit the studio of Velasquez on that eventful day. One of them was Philip IV., but he used often to come, so all the excitement was not on his account. The other visitor, however, was Peter Paul Rubens, of Antwerp, and in the eyes of Velasquez and his pupils far above Philip King of Spain and of the Indies. Rubens was their sovereign, the King of Painting, the Grand Master of the Arts. Throughout every country of Europe the name of Rubens was never pronounced, at that period, but with respect and enthusiasm. In Holland, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, everywhere his name was deservedly revered.

Rubens was a man whom kings delighted to honor. Mary de Medicis esteemed him. The Infanta Isabella took pleasure in sitting by his easel. Philip IV. loaded him with honors. King Charles I. of England knighted him, and then presented him with the sword by which the honor was conferred. He also gave him a diamond ring, the band of his hat, valued at 10,000 crowns, and a massive gold chain, to which his miniature was attached. Nor was such unpopularity undeserved. Rubens had hung his paintings in all the great galleries of Europe. He had formed schools of painting and engraving which subsequently astonished the world. He had displayed his architectural talents by building for himself a palace, and by designing the magnificent church of the Jesuits in Antwerp. As a philosopher, he corresponded with the principal learned men in Europe. As a diplomatist, he had concluded treaties of peace between the potentates whose portraits he had painted.

Few men ever possessed in a higher degree the personal and mental qualifications most suitable for an ambassador. His general appearance was noble and dignified, his figure handsome, and his features, though bold and masculine, remarkably regular. His voice was agreeable, and his manners elegant and courteous, but at the same time frank and unaffected. To crown all, he had a thorough knowledge of seven languages, and was as completely a master of rhetoric as he was of painting.

His amiable disposition was as worthy of admiration as his genius. Out of his own pocket he maintained young artists at Rome. Clearing that his great adversary, Cornelius Schut, was out of employment and in distress, Rubens immediately found employment for him, and thus converted an enemy into a friend.

He ever replied to adverse criticism by disarming it; that is, by doing that which he was charged with being unable to perform. Thus when his studies of heads were found fault with, he produced his famous “Descent from the Cross.” Again, as he employed Van Uden, and others among his pupils, to execute the smaller animals and landscapes in his paintings, it was said that he could not manage such subjects himself. But immediately afterward, he publicly exhibited hunting scenes and landscapes of great excellence, entirely painted with his own hand. He was particularly fond of quoting to his pupils a Spanish proverb to the following effect: “Do well, you will make people envious; do better and you will confound them.”

Velasquez was considerably agitated at the idea of receiving Rubens in his own house, and what opinion the great master might form of his paintings.

“My renown,” he said, “is nothing, as long as I do not have the approbation of Rubens.”

At noon two parties arrived at the gate of Velasquez. One of them stopped deferentially to allow King Philip, who was surrounded by the highest grandees of Spain, to pass. The rest, consisting of Rubens, Vandyck, Sneyders, Van Uden, and others of his pupils, also entered the house of the Spanish painter. As soon as the Flemish artist saw the King, he hastened to show him reverence, but Philip would not receive his homage, saying:

“We are at the house of a painter; it is you who are the king here.”

With these words he took Rubens by the arm, and, notwithstanding the punctilious etiquette of the Spanish Court, the two Kings, followed by their respective suites, entered the studio of Velasquez, arm in arm. Velasquez and his pupils received King Philip with the reverence due to his exalted dignity, while, at the same time, they honored Rubens with a kind of enthusiastic welcome. Paréja, the mulatto slave, was particularly

fascinated by the imposing appearance and noble demeanor of the Flemish painter, then in the fifty-second year of his age. The eager eyes of Paréja devoured the great man with zealous admiration. If he had dared, he would have fallen on his knees before him.

The hearts of the bystanders beat, as the chief of the Flemish school silently examined the paintings of the Spaniard. At the sight of the “Coat of Joseph,” which had been painted in expectation of this interview, he expressed his profound admiration, and affectionately held out his hand to Velasquez, who threw himself into his arms.

“This is the happiest day of my life,” exclaimed the painter to Philip IV. “You will complete my happiness and glory, signor,” he continued, addressing himself to Rubens, “if you condescend to honor my studio by leaving, on one of my pieces of canvas, a stroke of your pencil as a remembrance and memento of your auspicious visit.”

So saying, Velasquez pointed to his principal paintings, and presented a palette and pencil to Rubens, hoping that the great painter would cast a ray of his genius on some one of his works.

“All that I see,” said Rubens, “is finished. Yet I will willingly make an attempt.”

“Seeing, as he thought, an unused piece of canvas turned with its face to the wall, he stooped to pick it up. On observing that it was a picture, he gave a cry of surprise, for it was that afterward so well known as the “Entombment.”

The mulatto slave trembled with fear, as he saw Rubens attentively examining this picture, one of those he had painted in the garret and had brought down to retouch in the studio, early in the morning, ere Velasquez and his pupils had arisen. It had been carefully concealed, but in the bustle and alteration previous to the arrival of the visitors, it had been unwittingly placed in a more conspicuous position. The slave, dreading the reprimand of his master and the tormenting railery of the pupils, trembled like a culprit. Rubens said:

“I thought at first, Velasquez, that this picture was by you.”

The slave held up his head not daring to believe his ears—his picture taken for one by his master!

“Looking at it closer,” continued Rubens, “I perceive that this painting must be the work of one of your pupils. Whoever he may be, he may call himself a master for the future, as there are both talent and genius displayed in it.”

Each of those words redoubled the palpitation of Paréja's heart, but no one observed him. Who, indeed, amongst that grand assemblage had a thought for the poor slave?

“I really do not know,” said Velasquez, examining the painting with astonishment, “whose work this is. I did not know it was in my studio, or that of my pupils, talented as they are, could have produced so excellent a picture.”

He looked anxiously round his pupils as he asked:

“Which of you, gentlemen, has done this?”

No one had answered, when his eyes met those of the mulatto. Paréja fell at his master's knees in inexpressible emotion.

“It was I,” he said.

He would have fallen prostrate, if Vandyck had not caught him and held him up. He began to weep without being able to utter a word. Rubens and Velasquez lifted him up and embraced him. King Philip IV., the well-pleased witness of the affecting scene, immediately advanced, and said, laying his royal hand on the shoulder of the mulatto:

“A man of genius must not remain a slave; lift up your head and be free. Your master shall immediately receive two hundred doubloons of gold as your ransom.”

“And those two hundred doubloons shall be your own, Paréja,” added Velasquez. “I have already gained much in finding in you an artist and a friend, instead of a slave.”

“Oh! always a slave,” cried Paréja, with emotion. “Yes, I will always be your slave,” he added, embracing his master's knees.

Rubens was so much moved by the scene that he laid down the palette and pencil. He put off to the next day performance of the request of Velasquez; and the visitors retired.

The next day Rubens came, according to his promise, and painted for an hour in the studio of Velasquez. He was attended by Paréja, dressed as a free man; and did not depart without embracing the mulatto, who could have fallen down at his feet with gratitude.

Paréja never forgot the kindness he had received from Velasquez, and never would consent to be separated from him. He accompanied him everywhere, and at Rome, on the same day, was admitted with him into the Academy of St. Luke, which, at that period, embraced its muster-roll with the names of Domenichino, Guido, Poussin, and many others great in art.

Velasquez died of a contagious disease at Madrid, about the year 1660. Paréja attended him till he died, and then left the bedside of his deceased master to attend upon his widow, who was stricken with the same pestilence. She died a week after, and then he went to the house of his master's daughter, who had recently married the celebrated landscape-painter, Martinez de Mazo.

“Signora,” he said “you alone are left to me; take me into your service, if you do not wish me to die.”

“Come in,” replied Mazo; “you are one of the family.”

Paréja then attached himself devotedly to the daughter of Velasquez and her husband. So devotedly, that in 1670, when Martinez del Mazo was about to be assassinated for painting a satirical picture reflecting on a Spanish nobleman, and which is still to be seen in the Palace of Aranjuez, Paréja threw himself between the assassin and the victim, received the blow in his

own breast, and died, thanking God that he had saved the life of the husband of the daughter of Velasquez.

The Museum of Madrid possesses many admirably-painted pictures by the mulatto artist. What is termed the Spanish Museum at Paris is enriched with two of his paintings; one is “The Holy Women at the Tomb of Our Saviour;” the other the famous “Entombment,” which was brought to light, as we have just related, by the hands of Rubens. “The Calling of St. Matthew,” which, however, is considered his greatest work, is in the Palace of Aranjuez.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

THE TWENTY-THIRD LECTURE.—MRS. CAUDLE “WISHES TO KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE, OR NOT, THIS SUMMER—THAT'S ALL.”

“Hor? Yes, it is hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly—have never spoken; yet, not a word have you said of the sea-side yet. Not that I care for it myself—oh, no; my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed, I was going to say—but I won't—that the sooner, perhaps, I'm out of this world, the better. Oh, yes; I dare say you think so—of course you do, else you wouldn't lie there saying nothing. You're enough to aggravate a saint, Caudle; but you shan't vex me. No; I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?”

“But all I want to ask you is this: do you intend to go to the sea-side this summer? Yes? you'll go to Gravesend? Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt-cellar in the New River, and call that the sea-side. What? It's handy for business? There you are again! I can never speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you flog business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Caudle—not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.”

“You know that Matilda wants sea-bathing; you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and yet—I know you, Caudle—you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. What do you say? Margate's so expensive? Not at all. I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end; for if we don't go, we shall be all ill—every one of us—in the winter. Not that my health is of any consequence; I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never ate at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.”

“What do you say? How much will it cost? There you are, Mr. Caudle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwall or to Greenwich, you never ask, how much will it cost? What? You never go to Blackwall? Ha! I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. Yes, you can give a guinea a plate for whitebait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman; and I know very well what I'm talking about—nobody better. A guinea for whitebait for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh? You don't grudge 'em anything? Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. What will it cost? It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now. No; we'll stay at home. We shall all be ill in the winter—every one of us, all but you; and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall all be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better—much better—to pay for nasty physic than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Don't call me ‘woman,’ and ask ‘what will it cost.’ I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt, I wouldn't go now—certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, and then you'll be pleased.”

“That's right, Mr. Caudle; go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and you, like any stone, turn round and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult! How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh? I suppose you mean to call me the splinter?—and after the wife I've been to you! But no, Mr. Caudle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no; I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. What? Don't? Ha! that's your ingratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart!”

“Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! If I'd only married Simmons—What? Why didn't I? Yes, that's all the thanks I get. Who's Simmons? Oh, you know very well who Simmons is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think. He was a gentleman. You can't tell? May be not; but I can. With such weather as this, to stay melting in London; and when the painters are coming in! You won't have the painters in? But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July, with a family in the house! We shall all be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?”

“Why can't I tell you what it will cost? How can I or any woman tell exactly what it will cost? Of course lodgings—and at Margate, too—are a little dearer than living at your own house. Pooh! You know that? Well, if you did, Mr. Caudle, I suppose there's no treason in naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two months, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Caudle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No; and it isn't true that I no sooner get out than I want to get home again. To be sure, I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to

walk about the beach by myself, to be stared through all sorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

"What will I do at Margate? Why isn't there bathing, and picking up shells; and aren't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel—whatever it is, to read?—for the only place where I really relish a book is at the sea-side. No; it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Caudle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the day-time, I think. But as I was saying—only you always will interrupt me—the ocean always seems to me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the sea-side—especially when the tide's down—I feel so happy; quite as if I could cry.

"When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? What will it cost? Oh, there—don't talk of it. No; we won't go. I shall send for the painters, to-morrow. What? I can go and take the children, and you'll stay? No, sir; you go with me, or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with her chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

"What will it cost? What a man you are! Why, Caudle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No; I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty; its seventy pounds and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Caudle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? What do you say—You'll see? There's a dear. Then, Monday."

"Anything for a chance of peace," writes Caudle. "I consented to the trip, for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

Maximilian, Miramon, Juarez, and Escobedo.

THE telegrams from Matamoros having announced the capture of Maximilian and his generals, together with the order of Juarez for their execution, we present to our readers in the issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER portraits of the four principal leaders in the recent struggle.

The Archduke Maximilian.

Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria and sometime Emperor of Mexico, was born at Schonbrunn on the 6th of July, 1832. His father was Francis Charles-Joseph, Archduke of Austria, and his mother Sophie Dorothea, daughter of Maximilian I., King of Bavaria. Upon the abdication of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, the archduke renounced his claim to the succession in favor of his eldest son, the present Emperor, the brother of the subject of this sketch. The abdicating emperor, in giving up his throne, unequally divided his power, and gave an advantage to the Archduke Maximilian, to the detriment of his elder brother. Such was the origin of the constant, and at times very warm differences which arose between the two.

Maximilian received his education at Vienna. At an early age he entered the navy of the empire, and saw considerable service at sea, sailing about the Mediterranean, and visited all the adjacent countries—Greece, Italy, Morocco, French Algeria, Spain and Portugal. At the age of twenty-two he was placed at the head of what is termed by courtesy the Austrian marine, and with a squadron visited the coasts of Syria and Palestine. He went also to the Red Sea and took great interest in the works of the Suez Canal, which were then just beginning. In 1856 he paid a visit to Paris, and spent a fortnight at St. Cloud with Louis Napoleon. The year following he was appointed Viceroy of Lombardy and Venice, and in the exercise of the powers attached to the position soon made himself quite a favorite among the Italians. This popularity was, however, displeasing to Francis Joseph, and in 1859 he was removed.

Maximilian remained idle after his removal from the governorship of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom until 1863, when Napoleon decided upon making a cataspaw of him in Mexico. The crown of Mexico was offered to him by Napoleon in August 1863, and the diplomats were put to work to arrange for his acceptance and occupancy of the throne. Nearly a year was occupied in this work, and it was not until the 10th of April, 1864, that he formally accepted the proffered crown. By the terms of the acceptance he made a conditional renunciation of the right of eventual succession to the throne of Austria and an unconditional renunciation of his share of the family estates, amounting to 20,000,000 of florins. The condition reserved in the renunciation of the right to the succession was, that such renunciation might be revoked, should Maximilian, finding his foothold in Mexico insecure, choose to resign within six years from the date of his acceptance of the crown of Mexico.

The career of Maximilian, as the so-called Emperor of Mexico, is well-known to the people of this country. His first official act was to offer terms to Juarez, looking to the submission of the latter. These were rejected, and then followed the past years of war and bloodshed, with alternate success, and the present final defeat of the imperialists. His efforts to attract emigration and to develop the resources of the country are well known, as are also his personal sacrifices for the success of his cause. That he failed was only a natural and expected result, but it is doubtful if he would have met the terrible fate to which Juarez is said to have assigned him had he not issued his famous order declaring the republican President and his supporters bandits and outlaws. The entire responsibility of his death (if he has indeed been executed) must rest upon Napoleon, who first induced him to accept the proffered crown, and afterward deserted him. Personally, Maximilian has the reputation of being a most accomplished gentleman and scholar. That he is kind-hearted and humane we are assured from the frequency with which he saved the lives of many unfortunate liberals who fell into the hands of his generals and were condemned to death.

General Miguel Miramon.

This Mexican officer, whose death was some time since announced as having resulted from the wounds which he received in an imperialist attack on the liberal lines before Querétaro, was born in Mexico city about the year 1830. He was educated for the army at the Military Academy of Chapultepec. He first came into notice in 1856, by his pronunciamento against Comonfort, the liberal President. In this revolt he was unsuccessful, but Comonfort pardoned him and took him to live with him in the palace. When Comonfort was obliged to flee the country, after having betrayed his party, Juarez, Judge of the Supreme Court, became President by virtue of the constitution. But the church party

so-called, having possession of the capital, made Zuloaga President, and placed Miramon in command of the army. He fought and won two battles against the liberals in the very portion of Mexico where this last campaign of the empire has been going on. Zuloaga was eventually forced to leave the country and abandon the Presidency to Miramon. While in this position he forcibly took possession of a large sum of money, the property of British bondholders, which was in custody of the British Consulate in the capital, made a ruinous contract with the French banking-house of Jecker & Co., and brought about the Mon-Almonte treaty with Spain. These three actions of his afforded the basis on which England, France and Spain rested their right to interfere in Mexico. After a protracted struggle with the liberals, he was defeated on the 13th of August, 1860, and forced to shut himself up in the city of Mexico, which he at length abandoned, and in 1861 he retired to Spain. There he labored assiduously to engage foreign governments to engage in Mexican affairs. Still, on the establishment of the empire, it was deemed a matter of policy to keep him and Marquez abroad, owing to the characters which both had earned for high-handed measures and turbulence. The events connected with the reappearance of Miramon on the scene in Mexico are too fresh to need repetition here. In person Miramon was about the middle height, slim built, and of fair complexion for a Mexican. He was restless and impulsive; had the faculty of winning the confidence of those under him, but was relentless with his enemies. As a soldier he has shown some military ability.

Benito Juarez.

Benito Juarez is a descendant of the Indian race of the Tapatecos, and was born in 1807 at Ixtlan. He studied law and rose to be Chief Judge in the State of Oajaca, and a member of the Legislative Assembly. From 1858 to 1852 he was Governor of his native State, Oajaca. In 1853, when Santa Anna became dictator a second time, Juarez was banished. In 1855 he joined Alvarez, and became Minister of Justice. Under Comonfort, the next President, Juarez was President of the High Court of Justice, and on the overthrow of Comonfort, became President of the Republic. His government was, however, resisted by Zuloaga, who headed the church party, and subsequently by Miramon. The rule of the last was recognized by the European Powers, while that of Juarez was recognized by the United States. Since then has followed the events of the last few years, but now it appears that Juarez is again successful.

Mariano Escobedo.

Mariano Escobedo was born in the State of Nuevo Leon, and has been identified during the few past years with the active services of the Liberal party under Juarez. To the army under his command is due the glory of the capture of Maximilian and his generals, which, if the Liberal party in Mexico prove true to themselves, is the most important action which has been performed there for years. The following dispatch from Escobedo gives an account of this capture:

CAMP IN FRONT OF QUERETARO, }
May 15—4 P. M.

CITIZEN MINISTER OF WAR:

At three o'clock this morning La Cruz was taken by our forces, who surprised the enemy at that point. Shortly after that the entire garrison were made prisoners, and our troops occupied the Plaza. Meanwhile the enemy retreated toward the Cerro de la Campana, which our artillery forced him to occupy in disorder. At about eight A. M. Maximilian and his generals, Castillo and Mejia, unconditionally surrendered from the above-mentioned point.

You will please give the President my congratulations on this important triumph of the national army. ESCOBEDO.

Scenes and Incidents at the Spring Meeting at Jerome Park.

OUR illustrations show the spirit and character of the meeting on the race-course of Jerome Park, which this spring has been the fashionable event of the season. The weather, after the unfortunate rain-storm which caused the appointed opening to be adjourned for a day, was all that could be desired. Along the road pressed crowds of gayly dressed ladies, in teams of all kinds, while the lovers of fine horses were out in unusual force. The various incidents of a race-course, weighing the jockeys, buying in the pools, laying wagers on the result, the start, the new feature of a hurdle race, recently introduced here, the gay throng intent on pleasure, and the brilliant luncheon, are all here represented, and give a faithful idea of the high carnival of pleasure which has been inaugurated on Jerome Park, without the objectionable features which usually attend upon the meetings at race-courses. As a diversity of the too continuous devotion to business which characterizes our mode of life, we celebrate with pleasure this new institution which, having only enjoyment for its object, leads thousands to spend the day in the open air, and putting aside for the time all other concerns, seek their interest in the innocent excitement of a race.

Time Made in the English University Boat Matches.

THE following record of the time made in the matches between the English University boats will prove interesting, now that the season for matches is approaching. It must be remembered that the races took place upon a stream, in which, at times, the tide was for or against the contestants.

Year.	Winner.	Course.	Time.	Won by
1829	Oxford.....	2½ miles.	14 m. 30 s.	Many lengths.
1836	Cambridge.....	5½ miles.	35 m. 0 s.	1 minute.
1839	Cambridge.....	5½ miles.	31 m. 0 s.	1 min. 45 sec.
1840	Cambridge.....	5½ miles.	29 m. 30 s.	½ of a length.
1841	Cambridge.....	5½ miles.	32 m. 30 s.	1 min. 4 sec.
1842	Oxford.....	5½ miles.	30 m. 45 s.	13 seconds.
1843	Cambridge.....	4½ miles.	23 m. 30 s.	30 seconds.
1846	Cambridge.....	4½ miles.	21 m. 5 s.	2 lengths.
1849	Cambridge.....	4½ miles.	22 m. 0 s.	Many lengths.
1849	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	A foul.	
1852	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	21 m. 36 s.	27 seconds.
1854	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	25 m. 29 s.	11 strokes.
1856	Cambridge.....	5½ miles.	25 m. 50 s.	Half a length.
1857	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	22 m. 50 s.	35 seconds.
1858	Cambridge.....	4½ miles.	21 m. 53 s.	22 seconds.
1859	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	24 m. 30 s.	Cambridge sank.
1860	Cambridge.....	4½ miles.	26 m. 0 s.	A length clear.
1861	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	23 m. 27 s.	48 seconds.
1862	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	24 m. 40 s.	45 seconds.
1863	Oxford.....	5½ miles.	23 m. 5 s.	42 seconds.
1864	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	21 m. 48 s.	33 seconds.
1865	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	22 m. 30 s.	13 seconds.
1866	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	25 m. 48 s.	15 seconds.
1867	Oxford.....	4½ miles.	22 m. 40 s.	½ of a length.

* Oxford broke a rowlock.

We hear that the manufacture of the cable for the new North Atlantic telegraph route from Europe to America, via Iceland and Greenland, will soon be commenced at Liverpool, and the line will be completed this year or next.

OUR ARTIST ON EARS.

DEAR L.—What with this 'ere and that 'ere and t'other, my time has been spent in so constant a bother, that no chance have I had to send you more bad designs for the last week or two. But reading a paper a short time ago, I saw a small item I thought would do to work into two or three sketches; and so, on the spur of the moment, I jotted down these, which I hope will be able your critics to please. The item gave notice that in Paris now false ears were the latest new fashion; and then it went on to tell us how their use was now the great passion. A few applications of this new idea I would suggest: for example, here is



THE CAUDLE EAR.

an excellent way of being stone deaf to what your wife may say, if, to your misery, she is inclined to choosing the night time for "speaking her mind." The next slight design, as you will see, shows a style which I call



THE PAREFA ROSA.

or musical ear; in a concert 'twould be an excellent aid to the harmony. The advantage of this I am certain you'll find, 'tis



AN EAR AND MUSICAL-BOX COMBINED.

The next I would hardly feel quite inclined to send, were it not that your greatness of mind would render you far above thinking that I had a personal meaning. Though why



THE EDITORIAL EAR CAN BE PULLED WITHOUT PAIN

you best can explain. I will write you again, with other designs. Be happy, and do not forget your devoted and true friend, myself,

TURILU.

WE have seen blind men excel as poets; some have distinguished themselves as philosophers, and others as arithmeticians; but it was reserved for Huber to become illustrious in a science requiring the examination of objects so minute that the most clear-sighted observers find a difficulty in distinguishing them. The perusal of the works of Reaumur and Bonnet, and the conversations of the latter, directed his curiosity to the study of bees; his constant residence in the country inspired him, first, with the desire of verifying some facts, and afterward of supplying some deficiencies in the history of these insects. But, for this kind of observation, it was not only necessary that he should have an instrument such as the labors of the optician might supply, but also an intelligent assistant whom he could instruct in the use of it. At this time he had a servant in his family, named Francis Burnes, equally remarkable for his sagacity and for his attachment to his master. Huber drilled him in the art of observing, directed him in his inquiries by questions dexterously proposed, and by means of his own youthful recollections, and the confirmatory testimony of his wife and friends, he corrected the reports of his assistant, and in this way succeeded in acquiring a clear and accurate idea of most minute facts. "I am much more certain," he said to a friend one day, laughing, "of what I relate than you are yourself, for you publish only what you have seen with your own eyes, whereas I take a medium among the testimony of many." This, indeed, is very plausible reasoning, but will induce no one to quarrel with his eyes.

ONE of the principal surgeons of a large London hospital said to Milverton, "Half the cases that are brought to me are caused by the adulteration of food! What is the good of legislation if it cannot reach such an evil as this?"

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

IN a thriving Quaker town in Ohio, a little slip of the tongue occurred that deserves record. Little Janey C— in speaking of the bride at an aristocratic wedding that was to take place that evening, said: "Oh, ma! she is going to have a trail to her dress three yards long, and four pall-bearers to carry it!"

A MAN lost the key to a door in his house, so taking the door off, he put it into a wagon, drove to the lock-shop, and wanted a key fitted to the lock. When the person who was requested to fit the key went to the wagon with a screw-driver and coolly took the lock off the door, verdancy's eyes opened with amazement, and he exclaimed, with a tone of wonder, "Gosh! who'd a thought of doing it that way?"

A CALIFORNIA story tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and proved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual "s'elp me!" It was properly sealed and delivered.

"What's to pay?" asked the pledger.
"To pay—to pay?" exclaimed the party; "nothing, of course—this is a labor of love."
"Nothing to pay!" returned the grateful but very forgetful affiant. "You're a brick! Let's take a drink!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to tell with much zest a story of a man who tried to frighten his friend by encountering him at midnight in a lonely spot, which was supposed to be the resort of a ghostly visitant. He took his seat on the haunted stone, wrapped in a long white sheet. Presently, to his horror, the real ghost appeared, and sat down beside him, with the ominous ejaculation: "You are a ghost, and I am a ghost; let us come closer and closer together." And closer and closer the ghost pressed, till the sham ghost, overcome with terror, fainted away.

An amusing story is now going the rounds of a well-known Boston clergyman, who, though a most estimable man, has less regard for appearances than most of his brethren. Not long ago, the genial humorist, conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, went into the bar-room of the Tremont House and ordered a snifter. By some mistake he appropriated the glass of an individual near him, whose conversation and appearance stamped him as what Artemus Ward would have called a "carnal cuss." Looking fiercely at the mild-eyed minister, he exclaimed, with an oath: "That was my horn you drank!"

"Ah, my friend," returned the reverend monitor, does not the Scripture say, 'The horn of the ungodly man shall be put down?'

It was a repartee worthy of Sydney Smith, and being delivered with the dignity befitting the solemnity of the occasion, produced a marked impression.

A QUACK had instituted a suit for medical services against one of his neighbors, and the suit being brought for the use of another, became himself the witness. A Mr. Williams, who was employed to defend the suit and expose the quackery and worthlessness of the services rendered, subjected the doctor to the following cross-examination:

"Did you treat the patient according to the most approved rules of surgery?" asked the counsel.

"By all means; certainly I did," replied the witness.

"Did you decapitate him," inquired the counsel.

"Undoubtedly I did—that was a matter of course," answered the doctor.

"Did you perform the Cæsarean operation upon him?"

"Why, of course," answered the witness; "his condition required it; and it was attended with very great success."

"Did you then," still further queried the counsel, "subject his person to autopsy?"

"Certainly," replied the witness, "that was the very last remedy I adopted."

"Well, then, doctor," said the counsel, "as you first cut off the defendant's head, then dissected him, and he still survives it, I have no more to ask; and if your claim survives it, quackery deserves to be immortal."

BEN W— served in the Revolutionary

War, and had been in the habit of repeating his long and tough yarns so often, that at last he believed them himself. Ben would give a personal anecdote of every battle of the war, in which he himself always, of course, figured as the hero. On being asked if he was in the battle of Monmouth, he replied:

"I guess I was. I had my right-hand pocket full of powder, my left-hand pocket full of bullets, and I had my father's double-barreled ducking gun, seven foot long, sir! seven foot long! I put in a handful of powder and a handful of bullets, and every time I let her off I knocked down the British, sir, fifty at a time! General Washington rode up to me, and said, 'Ben, do stop, you're doing 'em too bad!' I touched my hat to the General, and said, 'Well, General, if you say so, I'll cease firing, but I think I ought to kill a few more of the scoundrels.' With that the General sprang from his horse, and throwing his arms around me, exclaimed, 'Ben, don't call me General, call me George!'

An exchange states that a rapid and emphatic recital of the following narrative will generally cure

hobbs:

"Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs with Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs's bobs. This is," says Nobbs, "the worst of Hobbs's jobs, and Snobbs's bobs."

NONE THERE.—"Have you found a verdict?"

said a judge to the foreman of a jury. "No, your honor; we have hunted in every corner of the room, and there isn't one there."

A CORRESPONDENT, after many an arrow escape from the Indians, has collected the following characteristics of the different tribes:

A litigious tribe—the Sioux.

Boasting characters—the Crows.

Half-civilized—the Semi-noles.

Industrious classes—the Diggers.

Sharp fellows—the Cheyennes.

Good pastry cooks—the Pi-utes.

Individuals of capacity—the Sacs.

Holding to their pledges—the Pawnee.

Sly fellows—the Foxes.

A sluggish race—the Creeks.

A foul-mouth set—the Chickasaws.

A filthy tribe, offensive in warm weather—the Black-feet.

Energetic men—the Kickapoo.

Men of letters—the Wy-an-dottes.

A striking evidence of civilization is the number of clubs that are found among the Indians. Some of them were in quite a destitute condition. The Crows had eaten all their corn and were unable to get even an Indian meal. Our correspondent had a little brush with the Foxes, and was nearly bagged by the Sacs, besides being peppered by the Cheyennes. Many of them wear rich ornaments, and he has had the war-whoop ring in his ears quite often.

MARK what you remember upon your finger-nails; they make convenient horn-books, and you will have your lesson at your finger's ends.

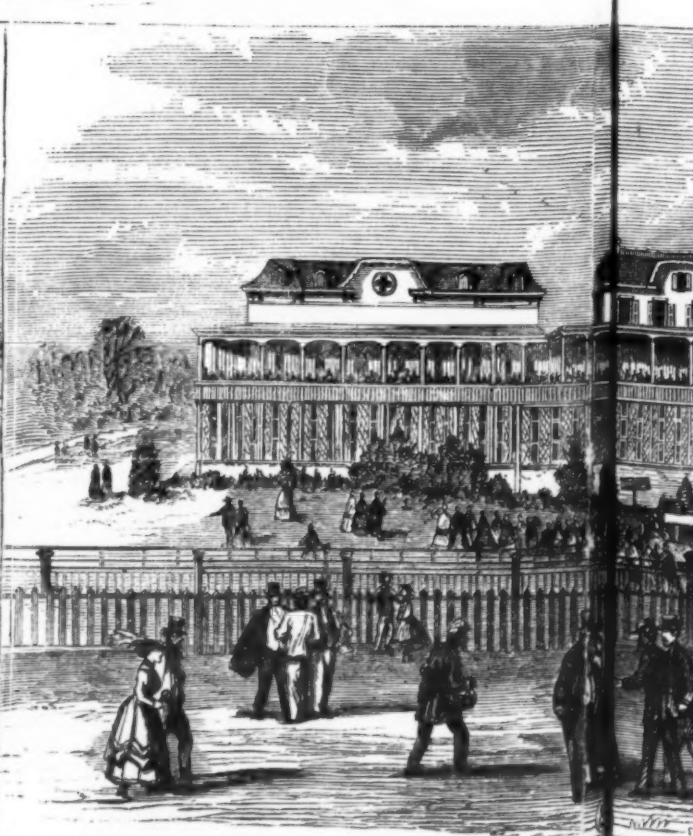
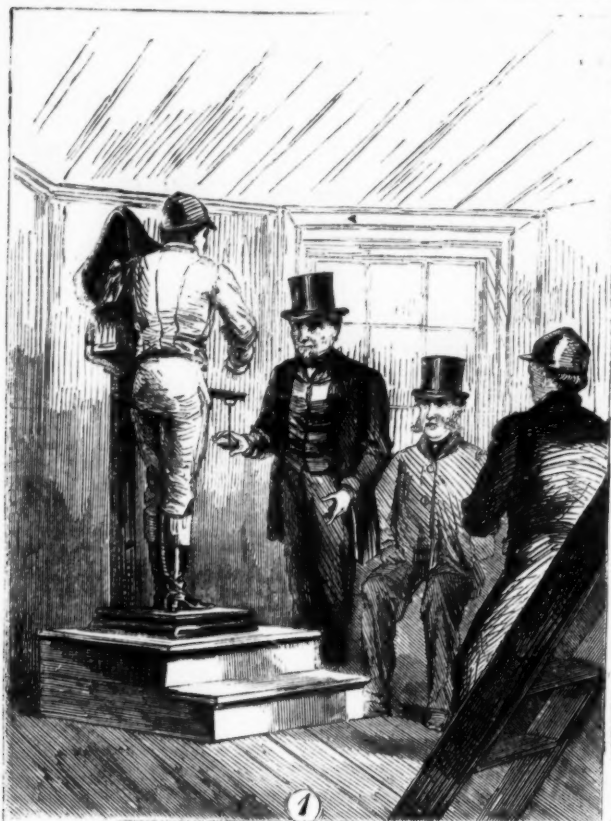
"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another.

"How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.

It doesn't follow that the men of the present day are more truthful than their fathers were, because they are more addicted to swearing to what they say.

WE know a good-natured bachelor so generous, that, poor fellow, he would give even his heart away, if he could only find an interesting object to take it.

"NO DOUBT," said a footman to a short, little gentleman who had insulted him, "you think yourself three times as good as I am; for I am only a footman, while you are a three-foot man."



1. Weighing the Jockeys. 2. The Arrival of the Members and Guests at the Club-House. 3. On the Road to the Course. 4. "100 to 40 on the Maid." 5. Start for the Maiden. 6. Entrance to Jerome Park.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE SPRING MEETING AT JEROME PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



6. Blackbird and Barague jumping the last Hurdle. 7. Grand Entrance to the Jerome Park. 8. The Club-House—Scenes between the Races. 9. The Luncheon.
K. PHOAM, N. Y., ON THE 23RD, 24TH AND 25TH OF MAY, 1867.—SEE PAGE 199.

OUTSIDE THE PORCH.

THEY have rung the bells and have drank the health,
And the carriage has passed these hours away;
The bride will roll in his glittering wealth,
"She's a beautiful lady," I hear them say.

The people have almost drowned the bells
With the talk of her eyes they call so sweet;
And never a child but its story tells
Of the satin that covered her bridal feet.

Her shimmering dress was of countless price,
Her trailing hair had the tint of the sun,
They talked of her beauty (and praised his choice)
And the wealth of the man who his bride had won.

The children rose with the lark, for weeks,
To gather the flowers for the "Welcome" arch,
And the scent of the blooms fled soft by her cheeks,
As her light step passed through the old gray porch.

Her violet eyes were as sweet, they said,
As the flowers themselves in the shady wood:
What a light her smile on the village shed!
The field grew brighter on which she stood.

Such a silvery voice, such a pearl-fair hand,
They say, with the rings on the fingers bright!
You may search through the whole wide breadth
Of the land
For hair with as rich or as golden light.

Then—bless her!—her hand was as free as fair;
The wine and the oil flowed fast from its palm,
Every maid had her gold or her dresses to wear,
Every boy had a gift from her heart so warm.

Old shoes were tossed as the bride went forth
With the man she took—with his gold, of course;
The prayers were breathed for the plighted troth,
"May the stars be kind that her path shall cross!"

The bells have been rung and toasts all drank,
And the beautiful bride drives on with her lord,
The sun's last gleam o'er the church has sank,
And the twilight deepens across the ford:

And I sit in the dusk with a pale crushed rose—
Only a flower which a girl once wore—
And the stars shine on, and the cool stream flows,
And—only a long, sweet dream is o'er!

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

FOR the present we will follow John Eames, who went at once to his mother's house. It was his intention to remain there two or three days, and then go over to the house, or rather to the cottage, of his great ally Lady Julia, which lay just beyond Guestwick Manor, and somewhat nearer to Allington than to the town of Guestwick. He had made up his mind that he would not himself go over to Allington till he could do so from Guestwick Cottage, as it was called, feeling that, under certain untoward circumstances—should untoward circumstances arise—Lady Julia's sympathy might be more endurable than that of his mother. But he would take care that it should be known at Allington that he was in the neighborhood. He understood the necessary strategy of his campaign too well to suppose that he could startle Lily into acquiescence.

With his own mother and sister, John Eames was in these days quite a hero. He was a hero with them now, because in his early boyish days there had been so little about him that was heroic. Then there had been a doubt whether he would ever earn his daily bread, and he had been a very heavy burden on the slight family resources in the matter of jackets and trousers. The pride taken in our Johnny had not been great, though the love felt for him had been warm. But gradually things had changed, and John Eames had become heroic in his mother's eyes.

A chance circumstance had endeared him to Earl de Guest, and from that moment things had gone well with him. The earl had given him a watch and had left him a fortune, and Sir Raffle Buffle had made him a private secretary. In the old days, when Johnny's love for Lily Dale was first discussed by his mother and sister, they had thought it impossible that Lily should ever bring herself to regard with affection so humble a suitor—for the Dales have ever held their heads up in the world. But now there is no misgiving on that score with Mrs. Eames and her daughter. Their wonder is that Lily Dale should be such a fool as to decline the love of such a man. So Johnny was received with the respect due to a hero, as well as with the affection belonging to a son—by which I mean it to be inferred that Mrs. Eames had got a little bit of fish for dinner as well as a leg of mutton.

"A man come down in the train with me who says he is going over to Allington," said Johnny. "I wonder who he can be? He is staying at The Magpie."

"A friend of Captain Dale's probably," said Mary. Captain Dale was the squire's nephew and his heir.

"But this man was not going to the squire's. He was going to the Small House."

"Is he going to stay there?"

"I suppose not, as he asked about the inn." Then Johnny reflected that the man might probably be a friend of Crosbie's, and became melancholy in consequence. Crosbie might have thought it expedient to send an ambassador down to prepare the ground for him before he should venture again upon the scene himself. If it were so, would it not be well that he, John Eames, should get over to Lily as soon as possible, and not wait till he should be staying with Lady Julia?

It was at any rate incumbent upon him to call upon Lady Julia the next morning, because of his commission. The Berlin wool might remain in his portmanteau till his portmanteau should go

with him to the cottage; but he would take the spectacles at once, and he must explain to Lady Julia what the lawyers had told him about the income. So he hired a saddle-horse from The Magpie and started after breakfast on the morning after his arrival. In his unheroic days he would have walked—as he had done, scores of times, over the whole distance from Guestwick to Allington. But now, in these grander days, he thought about his boots and the mud, and the formal appearance of the thing.

"Ah, dear," he said, to himself, as the nag walked slowly out of the town, "it used to be better with me in the old days. I hardly hoped that she would ever accept me, but at least she had never refused me. And then that brute had not as yet made his way down to Allington!"

He did not go very fast. After leaving the town he trotted on for a mile or so. But when he got to the palings of Guestwick Manor he let the animal walk again, and his mind ran back over the incidents of his life which were connected with the place. He remembered a certain long ramble which he had taken in those woods after Lily had refused him. That had been subsequent to the Crosbie episode in his life, and Johnny had been led to hope by certain of his friends—especially by Lord de Guest and his sister—that he might then be successful. But he had been unsuccessful, and had passed the bitterest hour of his life wandering about in those woods. Since that he had been unsuccessful again and again; but the bitterness of failure had not been so strong with him as on that first occasion. He would try again now, and if he failed, he would fail for the last time. As he was thinking of all this, a gig overtook him on the road, and on looking round he saw that the occupant of the gig was the man who had traveled with him on the previous day in the train. Major Grantly was alone in the gig, and as he recognized John Eames he stopped his horse.

"Are you also going to Allington?" he asked. John Eames, with something of scorn in his voice, replied that he had no intention of going to Allington on that day. He still thought that this man might be an emissary from Crosbie, and therefore resolved that but scant courtesy was due to him.

"I am on my way there now," said Grantly, "and am going to the house of your friend. May I tell her that I traveled with you yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnny. "You may tell her that you came down with John Eames."

"Are you John Eames?" asked the major. "If you have no objection," said Johnny. "But I can hardly suppose you have ever heard my name before?"

"It is familiar to me, because I have the pleasure of knowing a cousin of yours, Miss Grace Crawley."

"My cousin is at present staying at Allington with Mrs. Dale," said Johnny.

"Just so," said the major, who now began to reflect that he had been indiscreet in mentioning Grace Crawley's name. No doubt every one connected with the family, all the Crawleys, all the Dales, and all the Eameses, would soon know the business which had brought him down to Allington; but he need not have taken the trouble of beginning the story against himself. John Eames, in truth, had never even heard Major Grantly's name, and was quite unaware of the fortune which awaited his cousin. Even after what he had now been told, he still suspected the stranger of being an emissary from his enemy; but the major, not giving him credit for having told so much of his own history. "I will tell the ladies that I had the pleasure of meeting you," he said; "that is, if I am lucky enough to see them." And then he drove on.

"I know I should hate that fellow if I were to meet him anywhere again," said Johnny to himself as he rode on. "When I take an aversion to a fellow at first sight, I always stick to it. It's instinct, I suppose."

And he was still giving himself credit for the strength of his instincts when he reached Lady Julia's cottage. He rode at once into the stable-yard, with the privilege of an accustomed friend of the house, and having given up his horse, entered the cottage by the back door.

"Is my lady at home, Jimima?" he said to the maid.

"Yes, Mr. John; she is in the drawing-room, and friends of yours are with her."

Then he was announced, and found himself in the presence of Lady Julia, Lily Dale, and Grace Crawley.

He was very warmly received. Lady Julia really loved him dearly, and would have done anything in her power to bring about a match between him and Lily. Grace was his cousin, and though she had not seen him often, she was prepared to love him dearly as Lily's lover. And Lily—Lily loved him dearly too;—only she could have brought herself to love him as he wished to be loved! To all of them Johnny Eames was something of a hero. At any rate in the eyes of all of them he possessed those virtues which seemed to them to justify them in petting him and making much of him.

"I am so glad you've come—that is, if you've brought my spectacles," said Lady Julia.

"My pockets are crammed with spectacles," said Johnny.

"And when are you coming to me?"

"I was thinking of Tuesday."

"No; don't come till Wednesday. But I mean Monday. No; Monday won't do. Come on Tuesday—early, and drive me out. And now tell us the news."

Johnny swore that there was no news. He made a brave attempt to be gay and easy before Lily; but he failed. And he knew that she failed; and he knew that she knew that he failed;

"Mamma will be so glad to see you," said Lily. "I suppose you haven't seen Bell yet?"

"I only got to Guestwick yesterday afternoon," said he.

"And it will be so nice our having Grace at the Small House—won't it? Uncle Christopher has quite taken a passion for Grace—so that I am hardly anybody now in the Allington world."

"By-the-by," said Johnny, "I came down here with a friend of yours, Grace."

"A friend of mine?" said Grace.

"So he says, and he is at Allington at this moment. He passed me in a gig going there."

"And what was his name?" Lily asked.

"I have not the remotest idea," said Johnny.

"He is a man about my own age, very good-looking, and apparently very well able to take care of himself. He is short-sighted, and holds a glass in one eye when he looks out of a carriage-window. That's all that I know about him."

Grace Crawley's face had become suffused with blushes at the first mention of the friend and gig; but then Grace blushed very easily. Lily knew all about it at once—at once divined who must be the friend in the gig, and was almost beside herself with joy. Lady Julia, who

had heard no more of the major than had Johnny, was still clever enough to perceive that the friend must be a particular friend—for she had noticed Miss Crawley's blushes. And Grace herself had no doubt as to the man. The picture of her lover, with the glass in his eye as he looked out of the window, had been too perfect to admit of a doubt. In her distress she put out her hand and took hold of Lily's dress.

"And you say he is at Allington now?" said Lily.

"I have no doubt he is at the Small House at this moment," said Johnny.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—SHOWING HOW MAJOR GRANTLY TOOK A WALK.

MAJOR GRANTLY drove his gig into the yard of the Red Lion at Allington, and from thence walked away at once to Mrs. Dale's house. When he reached the village he had hardly made up his mind as to the way in which he would begin his attack; but now, as he went down the street, he resolved that he would first ask for Mrs. Dale. Most probably he would find himself in the presence of Mrs. Dale and her daughter, and of Grace also, at his first entrance; and if so, his position would be awkward enough. He almost regretted now that he had not written to Mrs. Dale, and asked for an interview. His task would be very difficult if he should find all the ladies together. But he was strong in the feeling that when his purpose was told it would meet the approval at any rate of Mrs. Dale; and he walked boldly on, and bravely knocked at the door of the Small House, as he had already learned that Mrs. Dale's residence was called by all the neighborhood. Nobody was at home, the servant said; and then, when the visitor began to make further inquiry, the girl explained that the two young ladies had walked as far as Guestwick Cottage, and that Mrs. Dale was at this moment at the Great House with the squire. She had gone across soon after the young ladies had started. The maid, however, was interrupted before she had finished telling all this to the major, by finding her mistress behind her in the passage. Mrs. Dale had returned, and had entered the house from the lawn.

"I am here now, Jane," said Mrs. Dale, "if the gentleman wishes to see me."

Then the major announced himself.

"My name is Major Grantly," said he; and he was blundering on with some words about his own intrusion, when Mrs. Dale begged him to follow her into the drawing-room. He had muttered something to the effect that Mrs. Dale would not know who he was; but Mrs. Dale knew all about him, and had heard the whole of Grace's story from Lily. She and Lily had often discussed the question whether, under existing circumstances, Major Grantly should feel himself bound to offer his hand to Grace, and the mother and daughter had differed somewhat on the matter. Mrs. Dale had held that he was not so bound, urging that the unfortunate position in which Mr. Crawley was placed was so calamitous to all connected with him as to justify any man, not absolutely engaged, in abandoning the thoughts of such a marriage. Mrs. Dale had spoken of Major Grantly's father and mother and brother and sister, and had declared her opinion that they were entitled to consideration. But Lily had opposed this idea very stoutly, asserting that in an affair of love a man should think neither of father or brother or mother or sister. "If he is worth anything," Lily had said, "he will come to her now—now in her trouble; and will tell her that she at least has got a friend who will be true to her. If he does that, then I shall think that there is something of the poetry and nobleness of love left." In answer to this Mrs. Dale had replied that women had no right to expect from men such self-denying nobility as that. "I don't expect it, mamma," said Lily. "And I am sure that Grace does not. Indeed I am quite sure that Grace does not expect even to see him ever again. She never says so, but I know that she has made up her mind about it. Still I think he ought to come." "It can hardly be that a man is bound to do a thing, the doing of which, as you confess, would be almost more than noble," said Mrs. Dale. And so the matter had been discussed between them. But now, as it seemed to Mrs. Dale, the man had come to do this noble thing. At any rate he was there in her drawing-room, and before either of them had sat down he had contrived to mention Grace.

"You may not probably have heard my name," he said, "but I am acquainted with your friend, Miss Crawley."

"I know your name very well, Major Grantly. My brother-in-law, who lives over yonder, Mr. Dale, knows your father very well—or he did some years ago. And I have heard him say that he remembers you."

"I recollect. He used to be staying at Ullathorne. But that is a long time ago. Is he at home now?"

"Mr. Dale is almost always at home. He very rarely goes away, and I am sure would be glad to see you."

Then there was a little pause in the conversation. They had managed to seat themselves, and Mrs. Dale had said enough to put her visitor fairly at ease. If he had anything special to say to her, he must say it—any request or proposition to make as to Grace Crawley, he must make it. And he did make it at once:

"My object in coming to Allington," he said, "was to see Miss Crawley."

"She and my daughter have taken a long walk to call on a friend, and I am afraid they will stay for lunch; but they will certainly be home between three and four, if that is not too long for you to remain at Allington."

"Oh, dear, no," said he. "It will not hurt me to wait."

"It certainly will not hurt me, Major Grantly. Perhaps you will lunch with me?"

"I'll tell you what, Mrs. Dale; if you'll permit me, I'll explain to you why I have come here. Indeed, I have intended to do so all through, and I can only ask you to keep my secret, if, after all, it should require to be kept."

"I will certainly keep any secret that you may ask me to keep," said Mrs. Dale, taking off her bonnet.

"I hope there may be no need of one," said Major Grantly. "The truth is, Mrs. Dale, I have known Miss Crawley for some time—nearly for two years now—and I may as well speak it out at once—I have made up my mind to ask her to be my wife. That is why I am here."

Considering the nature of the statement, which must have been embarrassing, I think that it was made with fluency and simplicity.

"Of course, Major Grantly, you know that I have no authority with our young friend," said Mrs. Dale. "I mean that she is not connected with us by family ties. She has a father and mother, living, as I believe, in the same county with yourself."

"I know that, Mrs. Dale."

"And you may, perhaps, understand that, as

Miss Crawley is now staying with me, I owe it in a measure to her friends to ask you whether they are aware of your intention."

"They are not aware of it."

"I know that at the present moment they are in great trouble."

Mrs. Dale was going on, but she was interrupted by Major Grantly:

"That's just it," he said. "There are circumstances at present which make it almost impossible that I should go to Mr. Crawley and ask his permission to address his daughter. I do not know whether you have heard the whole story?"

"As much, I believe, as Grace could tell me."

"He is, I believe, in such a state of mental distress as to be hardly capable of giving me a considerate answer. And I should not know how to speak to him, or how not to speak to him, about this unfortunate affair. But, Mrs. Dale, you will, I think, perceive that the same circumstances make it imperative upon me to be explicit to Miss Crawley. I think I am the last man to boast of a woman's regard, but I had learned to think that I was not indifferent to Grace. If that be so, what must she think of me if I stay away from her now?"

"She understands too well the weight of the misfortune which has fallen upon her father to suppose that any one not connected with her can be bound to share it."

"That is just it. She will think that I am silent for that reason. I have determined that that shall not keep me silent; and, therefore, I have come here. I may, perhaps, be able to bring comfort to her in her trouble. As regards my worldly position—though, indeed, it will not be very good—as hers is not good either, you will not think yourself bound to forbid me to see her on that head."

"Certainly not. I need hardly say that I fully understand that, as regards money, you are offering everything where you can get nothing."

"And you understand my feeling?"

"Indeed I do; and appreciate the great nobility of your love for Grace. You shall see her here, if you wish it—and to-day, if you choose to wait."

Major Grantly said that he would wait and would see Grace on that afternoon. Mrs. Dale again suggested that he should lunch with her, but this he declined. She then proposed that he should go across and call upon the squire, and thus consume his time. But to this he also objected; he was not exactly in the humor, he said, to renew so old and so slight an acquaintance at that time. Mr. Dale would probably have forgotten him, and would be sure to ask what had brought him to Allington. He would go and take a walk, he said, and come again exactly at half-past three. Mrs. Dale again expressed her certainty that the young ladies would be back by that time, and Major Grantly left the house.

Mrs. Dale, when she was left alone, could not but compare the good fortune which was awaiting Grace with the evil fortune which had fallen on her own child. Here was a man who was at all points a gentleman. Such, at least, was the character which Mrs. Dale at once conceded to him. And Grace had chanced to come across this man, and to please his eye, and satisfy his taste, and be loved by him. And the result of that chance would be that Grace would have everything given to her that the world has to give worth acceptance. She would have a companion for her life whom she could trust, admire, love, and of whom she could be infinitely proud. Mrs. Dale was not at all aware whether Major Grantly might have five hundred a year to spend or five thousand, or what sum intermediate between the two, nor did she give much of her thoughts at the moment to that side of the subject. She knew without thinking of it, or fancied that she knew, that there were means sufficient for comfortable living. It was solely the nature and character of the man that was in her mind, and the sufficiency that was to be found in them for a wife's happiness. But her daughter, her Lily, had come across a man who was a scoundrel, and, as the consequence of that meeting, all her life was marred! Could any credit be given to Grace for her success, or any blame attached to Lily for her failure. Surely not the latter! How was her girl to have guarded herself from a love so unfortunate, or have avoided the rock on which her vessel had been shipwrecked? Then many bitter thoughts passed through Mrs. Dale's mind, and she almost envied Grace Crawley her lover. Lily was contented to remain as she was, but Lily's mother could not bring herself to be satisfied that her child should fill a lower place in the world than other girls. It had ever been her idea—an idea probably never absolutely uttered even to herself, but not the less practically conceived—that it is the business of a woman to be married. That her Lily should have been won and not won, had been, and would be, a trouble to her for ever.

Major Grantly went back to the inn and saw his horse fed, and smoked a cigar, and then, finding that it was still only just one o'clock, he started for a walk. He was careful not to go out of Allington by the road he had entered it, as he had no wish to encounter Grace and her friend on their return into the village; so he crossed a little brook which runs at the bottom of the hill on which the chief street of Allington is built, and turned into a field-path to the left as soon as he had got beyond the houses.

Not knowing the geography of the place he did not understand that by taking that path he was making his way back to the squire's house; but it was so; and after sauntering on for about a mile and crossing back again over the stream, of which he took no notice, he found himself leaning across a gate, and looking into a paddock on the other side of which was the high wall of a gentleman's garden. To avoid this he went on a little further and found himself on a farm road, and before he could retrace his steps so as not to be seen, he met a gentleman whom he presumed to be the owner of the house. It was the squire surveying his home farm, as was his daily custom; but Major Grantly had not perceived that the house must of necessity be Allington House, having been aware that he had passed the entrance to the place, as he entered the village on the other side.

"I'm afraid I'm intruding," he said, lifting his hat. "I came up the path yonder, not knowing that it would lead me so close to a gentleman's house."

"There is a right of way through the fields on to the Guestwick road," said the squire, "and therefore you are not trespassing in any sense; but we are not particular about such things down here, and you would be very welcome if there were no right of way. If you are a stranger, perhaps you would like to see the outside of the old house. People think it picturesque."

Then Major Grantly became aware that this must be the squire, and he was annoyed with himself for his own awkwardness in having thus come upon the house. He would have wished to keep himself altogether unseen if it had been possible—and especially unseen by this old gentleman, to whom, now that he had met him, he was almost

bound to introduce himself. But he was not absolutely bound to do so, and he determined that he would still keep his peace. Even if the squire should afterward hear of his having been there, what would it matter? But to proclaim himself at the present moment would be disagreeable to him. He permitted the squire, however, to lead him to the front of the house, and in a few moments was standing on the terrace hearing an account of the architecture of the mansion.

"You can see the date still in the brickwork of one of the chimneys—that is, if your eyes are very good you can see it—1617. It was completed in that year, and very little has been done to it since. We think the chimneys are pretty."

"They are very pretty," said the major. "Indeed, the house altogether is as graceful as it can be."

"Those trees are old, too," said the squire, pointing to two cedars which stood at the side of the house. "They say they are older than the house, but I don't feel sure of it. There was a mansion here before, very nearly, though not quite, on the same spot."

"Your own ancestors were living here before that, I suppose?" said Grantly, meaning to be civil.

"Well, yes; two or three hundred years before it, I suppose. If you don't mind coming down to the churchyard, you'll get an excellent view of the house; by far the best that there is. By-the-by, would you like to step in and take a glass of wine?"

"I am very much obliged," said the major, "But indeed I'd rather not." Then he followed the squire down to the churchyard, and was shown the church as well as the view of the house, and the vicarage, and a view over to Allington woods from the vicarage gate, of which the squire was very fond, and in this way he was taken back on to the Guestwick side of the village, and even down on to the road by which he had entered it, without in the least knowing where he was. He looked at his watch and saw that it was past two.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," he said, again taking off his hat to the squire, "and if I shall not be intruding I'll make my way back to the village."

"What village?" said the squire.

"To Allington," said Grantly.

"This is Allington," said the squire; and as he spoke, Lily Dale and Grace Crawley turned a corner from the Guestwick road and came close upon them. "Well, girls, I did not expect to see you," said the squire; "your mamma told me you wouldn't be back till it was nearly dark, Lily."

"We have come back earlier than we intended," said Lily.

She of course had seen the stranger with her uncle, and knowing the ways of the squire in such matters, had expected to be introduced to him. But the reader will be aware that no introduction was possible. It never occurred to Lily that this man could be the Major Grantly of whom she and Grace had been talking during the whole length of the walk home. But Grace and her lover had of course known each other at once, and Grantly, though he was abashed and almost dismayed by the meeting, of course came forward and gave his hand to his friend. Grace in taking it did not utter a word.

"Perhaps I ought to have introduced myself to you as Major Grantly?" said he turning to the squire.

"Major Grantly! Dear me! I had no idea that you were expected in these parts."

"I have come without being expected."

"You are very welcome, I'm sure. I hope your father is well? I used to know him some years ago, and I dare say he has not forgotten me."

"Then, while the girls stood by in silence, and while Grantly was endeavoring to escape, the squire invited him very warmly to send his portmanteau up to the house."

"We'll have the ladies up from the house below, and make it as little dull for you as possible."

But this would not have suited Grantly—at any rate would not suit him till he should know what answer he was to have. He excused himself therefore, pleading a positive necessity to be at Guestwick that evening, and then, explaining that he had already seen Mrs. Dale, he expressed his intention of going back to the Small House in company with the ladies, if they would allow him. The squire, who did not as yet quite understand it all, bade him a formal adieu, and Lily led the way home down behind the churchyard wall and through the bottom of the gardens belonging to the Great House. She of course knew now who the stranger was, and did all in her power to relieve Grace of her embarrassment. Grace had hitherto not spoken a single word since she had seen her lover, nor did she say a word to him in their walk to the house. And, in truth, he was not much more communicative than Grace. Lily did all the talking, and with wonderful female skill contrived to have some words ready for use till they all found themselves together in Mrs. Dale's drawing-room.

"I have caught a major, mamma, and landed him," said Lily laughing, "but I'm afraid, from what I hear, that you had caught him first."

CHAPTER XXIX.—MISS LILY DALE'S LOGIC.

LADY JULIA DE GUEST always lunched at one exactly, and it was not much past twelve when John Eames made his appearance at the cottage. He was of course told to stay, and of course said that he would stay. It had been his purpose to lunch with Lady Julia; but then he had not expected to find Lily Dale at the cottage. Lily herself would have been quite at her ease, protected by Lady Julia, and somewhat protected also by her own powers of fence, had it not been that Grace was there also. But Grace Crawley, from the moment that she had heard the description of the gentleman who looked out of the window with his glass in his eye, had by no means been at her ease. Lily saw at once that she could not be brought to join in any conversation, and with John and Lady Julia, in their ignorance of the matter in hand, made matters worse.

"So that was Major Grantly," said John. "I have heard of him before, I think. He is a son of the old archdeacon, is he not?"

"I don't know about old archdeacon," said Lady Julia. "The archdeacon is the son of the old bishop, whom I remember very well. And it is not so very long since the bishop died, either."

"I wonder what he is doing at Allington?" said Johnny.

"I think he knows my uncle," said Lily.

"But he's going to call on your mother," he said.

Then Johnny remembered that the major had said something as to knowing Miss Crawley, and for the moment he was silent.

"I remember when they talked of making the son a bishop also," said Lady Julia.

"What—this same man who is a major?" said Johnny.

"No, you goose. He is not the son; he is the

grandson. They were going to make the archdeacon a bishop, and I remember hearing that he was terribly disappointed. He is getting to be an old man now, I suppose; and yet, dear me, how well I remember his father."

"He didn't look like a bishop's son," said Johnny.

"How does a bishop's son look?" Lily asked.

"I suppose he ought to have some sort of clerical tinge about him; but this fellow had nothing of that kind."

"But then this fellow, as you call him," said Lily, "is only the son of an archdeacon."

"That accounts for it, I suppose," said Johnny.

But during all this time Grace did not say a word, and Lily perceived it. Then she bethought herself as to what she had better do. Grace, she knew, could not be comfortable where she was. Nor, indeed, was it probable that Grace would be very comfortable in returning home. There could not be much ease for Grace till the coming meeting between her and Major Grantly should be over. But it would be better that Grace should go back to Allington at once; and better also, perhaps, for Major Grantly that it should be so.

"Lady Julia," she said, "I don't think we'll mind stopping for lunch to-day."

"Nonsense, my dear, you promised."

"I think we must break our promise—I do indeed. You mustn't be angry with us."

And Lily looked at Lady Julia, as though there were something which Lady Julia ought to understand, which she, Lily, could not quite explain. I fear that Lily was false, and intended her old friend to believe that she was running away because John Eames had come there.

"But you will be famished," said Lady Julia.

"We shall live through it," said Lily.

"It is out of the question that I should let you walk all the way here from Allington and all the way back without taking something."

"We shall just be home in time for lunch if we go now," said Lily. "Will not that be best, Grace?"

Grace hardly knew what would be best. She only knew that Major Grantly was at Allington, and that he had come thither to see her. The idea of hurrying back after him was unpleasant to her, and yet she was so flurried that she felt thankful to Lily for taking her away from the cottage. The matter was compromised at last. They remained for half an hour, and ate some biscuits and pretended to drink a glass of wine, and then they started. John Eames, who in truth believed that Lily Dale was running away from him, was by no means well pleased, and when the girls were gone, did not make himself so agreeable to his old friend as he should have done.

"What a fool I am to come here at all," he said, throwing himself into an arm-chair as soon as the front door was closed.

"That's very civil to me, John!"

"You know what I mean, Lady Julia. I am a fool to come near her until I can do so without thinking more of her than I do of any other girl in the county."

"I don't think you have anything to complain of as yet," said Lady Julia, who had in some sort perceived that Lily's retreat had been on Grace's account, and not on her own. "It seems to me that Lily was very glad to see you, and when I told her that you were coming to stay here, and would be near them for some days, she seemed to be quite pleased—she did indeed."

"Then why did she run away the moment I came in?" said Johnny.

"I think it was something you said about that man who has gone to Allington."

"What difference can the man make to her? The truth is, I despise myself—I do indeed, Lady Julia. Only think of my meeting Crosbie at dinner the other day, and his having the impertinence to come up and shake hands with me."

"I suppose he didn't say anything about what happened at the Paddington Station?"

"No; he didn't speak about that. I wish I knew whether she cares for him still. If I thought she did, I would never speak another word to her—I mean about myself. Of course I am not going to quarrel with them. I am not such a fool as that."

Then Lady Julia tried to comfort him, and succeeded so far that he was induced to eat the mince pie that had been intended for the comfort and support of the two young ladies who had run away.

"Do you think it is he?" were the first words which Grace said when they were fairly on their way back together.

"I should think it must be. What other man can there be of that sort who would be likely to come to Allington to see you?"

"He coming is not likely. I cannot understand that he should come. He let me leave Silverbridge without seeing me, and I thought that he was quite right."

"And I think he is quite right to come here. I am very glad he has come. It shows that he has really something like a heart inside him. Had he not come, or sent, or written, or taken some step before the trial comes on, to make you know that he was thinking of you, I should have said that he was as hard—as hard as any other man that I ever heard of. Men are so hard! But I don't think he is, now. I am beginning to regard him as the one *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, and to fancy that you ought to go down on your knees before him and kiss his highness's shoe-buckle. In judging of men one's mind vacillates so quickly between the scorn which is due to a false man, and the worship which is due to a true man."

Then she was silent for a moment, but Grace said nothing, and Lily continued:

"I tell you fairly, Grace, that I shall expect very much from you now."

"Much in what way, Lily?"

"In the way of worship. I shall not be content that you should merely love him. If he has come here, as he must have done, to say that the moment of the world's reproach is the moment he has chosen to ask you to be his wife, I think that you will owe him more than love."

"I shall owe him more than love, and I will pay him more than love," said Grace.

There was something in the tone of her voice as she spoke which made Lily stop her and look into her face. There was a smile there which Lily had never seen before, and which gave a beauty to her which was wonderful to Lily's eyes. Surely this lover of Grace's must have seen her smile like that, and therefore had loved her, and was giving such wonderful proof of his love.

"Yes," continued Grace, standing and looking at her friend, "you may stare at me, Lily; but you may be sure that I will do for Major Grantly all the good that I can do for him."

"What do you mean, Grace?"

"Never mind what I mean. You are very impetuous in managing your own affairs, and you must let me be equally so in mine."

"But I tell you everything."

"Do you suppose that if—if in real truth it can possibly be the case that Major Grantly shall

have come here to offer me his hand when we are all ground down into the dust, as we are—do you think that I will let him sacrifice himself? Would you?"

"Certainly. Why not? There will be no sacrifice. He will be asking for that which he wishes to get; and you will be bound to give it to him."

"If he wants it, where is his nobility? If it be as you say, he will have shown himself noble, and his nobility will have consisted in this—that he has been willing to take that which he does not want, in order to succor one whom he loves. I also will succor one whom I love, as best I know how."

Then she walked on quickly before her friend, and Lily stood for a moment, thinking, before she followed her. They were now on a field-path, by which they were enabled to escape the road back to Allington for the greater part of the distance, and Grace had reached a stile, and had clambered over it before Lily had caught her.

"You must not go away by yourself," said Lily.

"I don't wish to go away by myself."

"I want you to stop a moment and listen to me. I am sure you are wrong in this—wrong for both your sakes. You believe that he loves you?"

"I thought he did once; and if he has come here to see me, I suppose he does still."

"If that be the case, and if you also love him—"

"I do. I make no mystery about that to you. I do love him with all my heart. I love him to-day, now that I believe him to be here, and that I suppose I shall see him, perhaps this very afternoon. And I loved him yesterday, when I thought that I should never see him again. I do love him. I do. I love him so well that I will never do him an injury."

"That being so, if he makes you an offer you are bound to accept it. I do not think you have an alternative."

"I have an alternative, and I shall use it. Why don't you take my cousin John?"

"Because I like somebody else better. If you have got as good a reason, I won't say another word to you."

"And why don't you take that other person?"

"Because I cannot trust his love; that is why. It is not very kind of you, opening my sores afresh, when I am trying to heal yours."

"Oh, Lily, am I unkind—unkind to you, who have been so generous to me?"

"I'll forgive you all that and a deal more if you will only listen to me and try to take my advice. Because this major of yours does a generous thing, which is for the good of you both—the infinite good of you both—you are to emulate his generosity by doing a thing which will be for the good of neither of you. That is about it. Yes, it is, Grace. You cannot doubt that he has been meaning this for some time past; and, of course, he looks upon you as his own—and I dare say, if the whole truth is to be told, he does—"

"But I am not his own."

"Yes, you are, in one sense; you have just said so with a great deal of energy. And if it is so—let me see, where was I?"

"Oh, Lily, you need not mind where you were."

"But I do mind, and I hate to be interrupted in my arguments. Yes, just that. If he saw his cow sick, he'd try to doctor the cow in his sickness; he sees that you are sick, and of course he comes to your relief."

"I am not Major Grantly's cow."

"Yes, you are."

"Nor his dog, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his, except—except, Lily, the dearest friend that he has on the face of the earth. He cannot have a friend that will go further for him than I will. He will never know how far I will go to serve him. You don't know his people. Nor do I know them. But I know what they are. His sister is married to a marquis."

"What has that to do with it?" said Lily, sharply. "If she were married to an archduke, what difference would that make?"

"And they are proud people—all of them—and rich; and they live with high persons in the world."

"I didn't care though they lived with the royal family, and had the Prince of Wales for their bosom friend. It only shows how much better he is than they are."

"But think what my family is—how we are situated. When my father was simply poor I did not care about it, because he has been born and bred a gentleman. But now he is disgraced. Yes, Lily, he is. I am bound to say so, at any rate, to myself, when I am thinking of Major Grantly; and I will not carry disgrace into a family which would feel it so keenly as they would do."

Lily, however, went on with her arguments, and was still arguing when they turned the corner of the lane, and came upon Lily's uncle and the major himself.

THE EARLY TRADE OF NEW ENGLAND.

BRISTOL in the seventeenth century was and had been for more than a hundred years, the great highway from England to the New World. The enterprising Bristol merchants who helped the Cabots to go on their early voyages of North American discovery have in every subsequent generation had worthy followers. When, in 1674, Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his comrades petitioned Queen Elizabeth for leave to start an expedition of discovery and trade to the northern parts of America, as "of all unfrequented places the only most fitted and most commodious for us to intermeddle withal," we find that "the city of Bristol very readily offered £1,000" toward the £4,000 necessary for the undertaking; and though that project brought no immediate success, other and larger ventures were promptly and prosperously made. It was chiefly through the perseverance of Bristol men that Virginia, after the failure of Raleigh's experiment, became a nucleus for all the Southern parts of the United States; and that in like manner the Northern colonies, growing out of the New England settlement, were strengthened and extended. The New England patent was issued in 1620. Three years later James I. wrote to the cities of Bristol and Exeter, requesting them "to move persons of quality to join in the advancement of that plantation, a work in which the public take great interest, and likely to bring in good returns," and the former town was specially willing to share in the work. Dated 1623 is a petition from "Walter Barrett, Walter Sandy & Company, of Bristol, merchants," setting forth that "they have been many years settling a plantation in New England, which was begun long before such multitudes of people went over; all they intend to send are regular people, neither factious nor vicious in religion; their plantation is apart from all others, and they desire now to transport a hundred and eighty persons, to provide victuals for furnishing the ships employed in the fishing trade upon that coast, for which they have built and made ready two ships;" and there are a number of like documents showing the zeal with which the Bristol traders applied themselves to other branches of American commerce. In 1651, for instance, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Yeomans, and other merchants of Bristol, and owners of the Mary and Francis, obtained license from Cromwell's Council of State to

accompany the fleet going to Barbadoes, "upon giving security to the value of the ship and goods that she does not depart from the fleet, or trade with any in defection from the Commonwealth;" while on the 1st of January, 1657, sanction was given to "Mr. Ellis, of Bristol, to transport 1,000 dozen of shoes to the Barbadoes," followed by authority to the same merchant for a like shipment on the 3d of December. One other entry from the documents in the State Paper Office is too curious to be left unquoted, showing, as it does, how early began the great tide of Irish emigration in Bristol ships to the New World. By a Commonwealth order of 1652, "liberty is given to Henry Hazard and Robert Inmans, of the city of Bristol, merchants, to carry two hundred Irishmen from any port in Ireland to the Caribbean Islands." The chief resort of Bristol merchants and enterprising colonists from Bristol, was New England, and thither young Paterson, the founder subsequently of the Bank of England, went at some time previous to 1688, probably in 1681, for a few years of wandering life in the American colonies. He married the widow of a Puritan minister at Boston, named Bridge; and he is said to have been a partner in Phipps's exploit for recovering the Spanish treasure lost off Bahamas.

In later years some of his enemies said that his occupation in the West Indies had been that of a missionary; others, that he employed himself as a buccaneer. Neither statement has any real foundation. His Presbyterian training, and the known piety of his character, may have led him to follow the practice of his fellow-thinkers, and preach or conduct prayer-meetings, whenever occasion occurred to demand this service; and doubtless some of the commercial transactions in which he was engaged, like those of all his brother traders in the American waters, would look piratical if strictly judged by modern rules. Englishmen in those days had not forgotten the old mode of warfare with their great Spanish enemies. They still fought and made prizes on their own account, as Drake, Frobiisher, Raleigh, and Cavendish had done before them. But it is clear that Paterson was a merchant, and an honest one. Anderson, the historian of commerce, who as a lad, must have known him in his old age, speaks of him as "a merchant who had been much in foreign countries, and entered far into speculations relating to commerce and colonies." Trading voyages, chiefly as it seems, between Bahamas and Boston, occupied him for the five or six years of his stay in the West Indies; and it was a desire to set in motion a much larger scheme of trade that brought him home before he had time to accumulate much wealth by his traffic. He must have been in England in 1681, as on the 16th of November in that year he obtained preliminary admission into the Merchant Taylor's Company; and the record of his full and final admission on the 21st of October, 1689, shows that he was in England again at that time. He had left the West Indies, indeed, about two years earlier than that. On his own showing, in a document addressed to William III., the first thought of a Darien colony occurred to him in 1684; and in 1687, according to the statement of one of his contemporary biographers, "he returned to Europe with his head full of projects. He endeavored to make a market of his wares in Holland and Hamburg, but without success. He went afterward to Berlin, opened his pack there, and had almost caught the Elector of Brandenburg in his noose, but that miscarried, too. He likewise imparted the same project to Mr. Secretary Blathwayt, but still with the same success. Meeting thus with so many discouragements in these several countries, he let his project sleep for some years, and pitched his tent in London, where matter is never wanting to exercise plotting heads."

UNMARRIED WOMEN.

WHETHER celibacy is or is not an advantage to women depends, I think, very much on their social position in life. To a woman of the class from which domestic servants are taken, it is certainly an open question which admits of much being said upon it, whether, if she take service, she had not better remain single, that is, whether the supposed natural institution of marriage being put out of consideration, she would not lead a happier and more comfortable life than she would if married. Taken as a body, I suppose this class of women are never without some one or more admirers, or, as they are technically called, "followers," and no wonder; for besides that by living in contact with better-mannered people and more refined than their own class, they have generally got a polish which adds to their charms in the sight of their followers, for they have frequently managed to husband their incomes, which are not drawn upon necessarily for more than clothing, so as to be possessors of what to them and said followers has the appearance of wealth.

To the policeman with \$1,200 a year and his living and clothing to provide for, the trim natty housemaid, with her decent manners and a few dollars in her pocket, is a very desirable prize. Policemen think how well she would look superintending the affairs of his small household, and how handy her little store of savings would be in setting said household on a respectable footing. He takes his opportunity, or makes it, of saying something civil to the girl, attacks her weak side by praising her finery and the person it is supposed to adorn; tells her stories more or less vicious, tending to exalt in her mind's eye the dignity of "the force," and if he be a policeman of only common "nose," he will be admitted on the roll of the housemaid's wooers.

The courting goes on over area railings or at the side gates, or, if the family are away from home, in the kitchen, until some cause of disagreement arises between mistress and maid, or, from some cause or other, one of the two commits the act which always seems to me to "roar so loud and thunder 'till the index" of terrible things to come; in other words, "gives warning;" and then, unless a more eligible party appear in the shape of a small tradesman actually established in business, the girl quits the well-warmed, well-found house, where she has been part of the family—cared for in sickness and in health, and treated as she never will be treated again—for the ill-conditioned place where her husband has fixed his abode, there to assume, as he told her, the direction of his affairs, which, in plain English, means to be a servant of servants, the unceasing drudge of a rough, hard man, the ill-tended mother of a litter of sickly children, and often the literally browbeaten wife of a coarse and drunken vagabond.

A. R. SPOTFORD, the librarian of the congressional library at Washington, gives the following interesting facts in his annual report: The extensions of the library are nearly completed, and the total length of iron shelving is now 21,360 feet, which will afford space for about 170,000 volumes. Adding the shelf accommodations of the law library room and the attic room, the entire length of shelving is nearly five miles. The rooms are now fireproof, being constructed of solid iron throughout, and future accretions to its stores, as well as the present accumulation of valuable works, are secure from a casualty which has twice consumed our national library. The accessions during the past year were 7,251 volumes, which bring the aggregate number of volumes in the library up to 99,650, exclusive of the 40,000 volumes of the library belonging to the Smithsonian Institution, which have been removed to the Capitol. The union of the two libraries will prove doubly advantageous to those heretofore resorting to either, and will insure the rapid growth of a great and truly national library, with far greater economy of means than would attend the duplication, so to speak, of two large libraries at the seat of Government.

THE business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN ELEANOR.

QUEEN ELEANOR was the wife of Henry II. of England, and was in her own right the Countess of Poitou and Duchess of Guienne. She had been the wife of Louis, King of France, and within six weeks after her divorce from her first husband married Henry of England, who, by this alliance, became master of all the western coast of France, with the exception only of Brittany, from the Somme to the Pyrenees. The latter part of their married life presents an involved and deplorable scene of family discord and contention. Their eldest son Henry had been, as heir-apparent, crowned in Westminster Abbey on Sunday, June 15, 1170. On this account, at the instigation, it is said, of King Louis, the prince advanced the pretension that he had become entitled to share the royal power, and demanded that either England or Normandy should be delivered to him. A refusal was followed by his flight, in 1173, to the French court, where he was speedily followed by his younger brothers. About the same time Queen Eleanor also left her husband to associate herself with her sons. Our illustration represents her escape from the tower. Though she was successful in escaping the vigilance of the guards, yet, on her way to the French court, she was captured, disguised in men's clothes, and brought back and kept in confinement during the remainder of her husband's life.

BURNING OF URSLEY KEMPE.

URSLEY KEMPE was one of the witches of S. Osees, and the account of her trial and execution is contained in a rare and beautiful little black letter book—"A true and just Recorde of the Informations, Examination, and Confession of all the Witches, taken at S. Osees, in the countie of Essex; whereof some were executed, and other some entreated according to the determination of lawe. Wherein all men may see what a pestilent people Witches are, and how unworthy to live in a Christian Commonwealth. Written orderly, as the cases were tried by evidence by W. W. Imprinted in London at the three Cranes, in the Vinetree, by Thomas Dawson. 1582"—and is spoken of by Scott in his "Discovery" without much sparing of ridicule. It opens thus: "If there had bin at any time (Right Honorable) any means used to appease the wrath of God, to obtaine his blessing, to terrifie secret offenders by open transgressors punishments, to withdraw honest natures from the corruption of euill company, to diminish the great multitude of wicked people, to increase the small number of virtuous persons, and to reforme all the detestable abuses which the peruerse witte and will of man doth dayly devise, this doubtlesse is no lesse necessarye than the best, that Sorcerers, Wizzardes, or rather Dizzardes, Witches, Wise women (for so they will be named), are rigorously punished. Rigorously? said I; why it is too milde and gentle a terme for such a mercurial generation: I should rather have said most cruelly executed; for that no punishment can be thought vpon, be it neuer so high a degree of torment, which may be deemed sufficient for such a deuillish and damnable practise." These were the sentiments of W. W., as propounded to his patron, "the right honorable and his singular good lorde, the Lord Darcey," to whom inscribes his little book. For Brian Darcey, evidently a relation, had lately put in practice the views and opinions of a worthy citizen and zealous Christian touching witches, at the great holocaust offered up at "S. Osees" (St. Osyth), in the twenty-third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign (1582); and witch hatred therefore ran in the blood.

The first complainant in this process was Grace Thurlowe, wife of John Thurlowe, who came to make her moan about the evil practices of her neighbor, Ursley Kempe, alias Grey. About twelve months since, said Grace, her son Davy was strangely taken and greatly tormented. Ursley came, like the rest of the neighbors, to see him; but, unlike the rest, she thrice took the child by the hand, saying each time, "A good child, howe are thou loden," going out of the house and returning between each phrase, which was evidently a charm, and no holy way of pitying a sick child. After this she said to Grace, "I warrant thee, I, thy child shall doe well enough;" and sure it was so, for that night the child slept well, and after another such cantrip visit from Ursula, mended entirely. This was not much to complain to the magistrates about, but Grace had another and more grievous count. After this evident cure of her son she was delivered of a woman child, and, ungrateful enough, asked not Ursley to be her nurse, whereat sprang up a quarrel, and the child in consequence fell out of the cradle and broke its neck; not because it was clumsily laid or carelessly rocked, but because Ursley was a witch and had a grievance against Grace. And to this mischance, when she heard of it, all that the old dame said was, "It maketh no matter; for she might have suffered me to have the keeping and nursing of it." Then a trouble and a "fratch" ensued, and Ursley threatened Grace with lameness, whereat Grace answered, "Take heed, Ursley, thou hast a naughty name;" but in spite of her warning the old witch did her work, so that Grace was taken with such lameness that she had to go upon her hands and knees. And thus it continued; whenever she began to amend her child fell ill, and when her child was well she was cast down lame and helpless.

Then Annis Letherdall had her word. Annis and Ursley had a little matter of commerce between them, but Annis failed the suspected woman, "knowing her to be a naughty beast." So Ursley in revenge bewitched Annis's child, and that so severely that Mother Ratcliffe, a skillful woman, doubted if she could do it any good; yet for all that she ministered to it kindly. And, as a proof that it was Ursley, and only Ursley, who had so harmed the babe, and that its sad state came in no

wise from bad food, bad nursing, and filthy habits, the little creature of only one year old, when it was carried past her house, cried "wo, wo," and pointed with its finger downward. What evidence could be stronger? So then, to clinch the matter, and strike fairly home, the magistrate examined Thomas Rabbet, Ursley's "base son," a child of barely eight years of age, and got his version of the mother's life. The little fellow's testimony went chiefly on the imps at home. His mother had four, he said—Tyffin, like a white lamb; Titty, a little gray cat; Pygine, a black toad; and Jacke, a black cat; and she fed them, at times with wholesome milk and bread, and at times they sucked blood from her body. He further said that his mother had bewitched Johnson and his wife to death, and that she had given her imps to Godmother Newman, who had put them into an earthen pot which she hid under her apron, and so carried them away. One Laurence then said that she had bewitched his wife, so that when "she lay a drawing home, and continued so a day and a night, all the partes of her body were colde like a dead creature's, and yet at her mouth did appeare her breath to go and come." Thus she lingered, said her husband, till Ursley came; in unbidden, turned down the bed-

clothes, and took her by the arm, when immediately she gasped and died.

Ursley at first would confess nothing, beyond having had, ten or eleven years ago, a lameness in her bones, for the cure of which she went to Cook's wife or Wesley, who told her that she was bewitched, and taught her a charm by which she might unwitch herself and cure her bones; which charm quite answered its purpose, and had never failed with her neighbors; all else she denied. But upon Brian Darcey "promising to the said Ursley that if she would deale plainly and confesse the truth that she should have favour, so by giving her faire speeche she confesseth as followeth." "Bursting out with weeping," and falling on her knees, she said, yes, she had the four imps her son had told of, and that two of them, Titty and Jack, were "hees," whose office was to punish and kill unto death; and two, Tyffin and Piggie, were "shees," who punished with lameness and bodily harm only, and destroyed goods and cattle. And she confessed that she had killed all the folk charged against her; her brother-in-law's wife, and Grace Thurlowe's cradled child, making it to fall out of its cradle and break its neck solely by her enchantments; and that she had bewitched that little babe of Annis Letherdall,

and Laurence's wife, and, in fact, that she had done all the mischief with which she was charged. Then, not liking to be alone, she said that that Mother Bennet had two imps, the one a black dog called Suckin, the other red like a lion, Lyerd; and that Hunt's wife had a spirit, too, for one evening she peeped in at her window when she was from home, and saw it look out from a potchard from under a bundle of cloth, and that it had a brown nose like a ferret. And she told other lies of her neighbors, saying that her spirit Tiffin informed her of all these things. And Brian Darcey sat there gloating over all these maniacal revelations; but, in spite of his soft words and fair promises, Ursley Kempe was condemned, and executed when her turn came.

Site of Jean Lafitte's Fort, on Grand Terre Island, Louisiana.

THE early part of Lafitte's career is variously told by various authorities. According to some statements he was born in France, either at St. Malo, Marseilles, or Bordeaux, about 1780. It is maintained by some writers that he was never at sea but twice, on the voyage over to this country and on that in which he was drowned, and that his reputation as a corsair is derived from the fact that he fitted out privateers to cruise against Spanish commerce, under the flag of Carthagenia. By other writers it is held that he had been a mate of a French East Indiaman, when, having quarreled with the captain, he commenced a course of daring and successful piracy in the Indian Ocean, varied with occasional ventures in the slave trade. According to this version of his early career, after spending several years in these pursuits, he returned to France, sold his prizes, and sailing for the West Indies, took out a commission as a privateer from the newly organized government of Carthagenia, continuing his depredations not only on Spanish, but upon British commerce. Still another account represents him as having been a lieutenant of a French privateer, which after having been captured by the English, he with the rest of the officers were thrown into prison and subjected for years to great hardships. His desire for revenge it is further said led him, when peace was concluded between France and England, to seek the opportunity under the cover of a commission as a privateer from the Carthaginian Government. Whatever may be the facts in his early career, there is no doubt that about 1813-14 he was the head of an organized and formidable band, whose headquarters were on the Island of Grand Terre, in Barataria Bay, some thirty or forty miles west of the mouth of the Mississippi. Acting ostensibly under the flag of the Republic of Carthagenia, or New Granada, it is generally admitted that the operations of this band were not strictly restrained at the limits of that commission.

The Bay of Barataria afforded a secure retreat for their fleet of small vessels, while their goods were smuggled up to New Orleans in boats, which followed the intricacies of the swamps, lakes and bayous to a point on the Mississippi a little above the city. After various ineffectual prosecutions before the civil tribunals, an expedition was dispatched in 1814 against this band, by the United States Government, under command of Commodore Patterson. The settlement at Grand Terre was captured, with all the vessels which happened to be in the port at the time; but Lafitte and his companions escaped, and as soon as the expedition had left, returned again to Grand Terre.

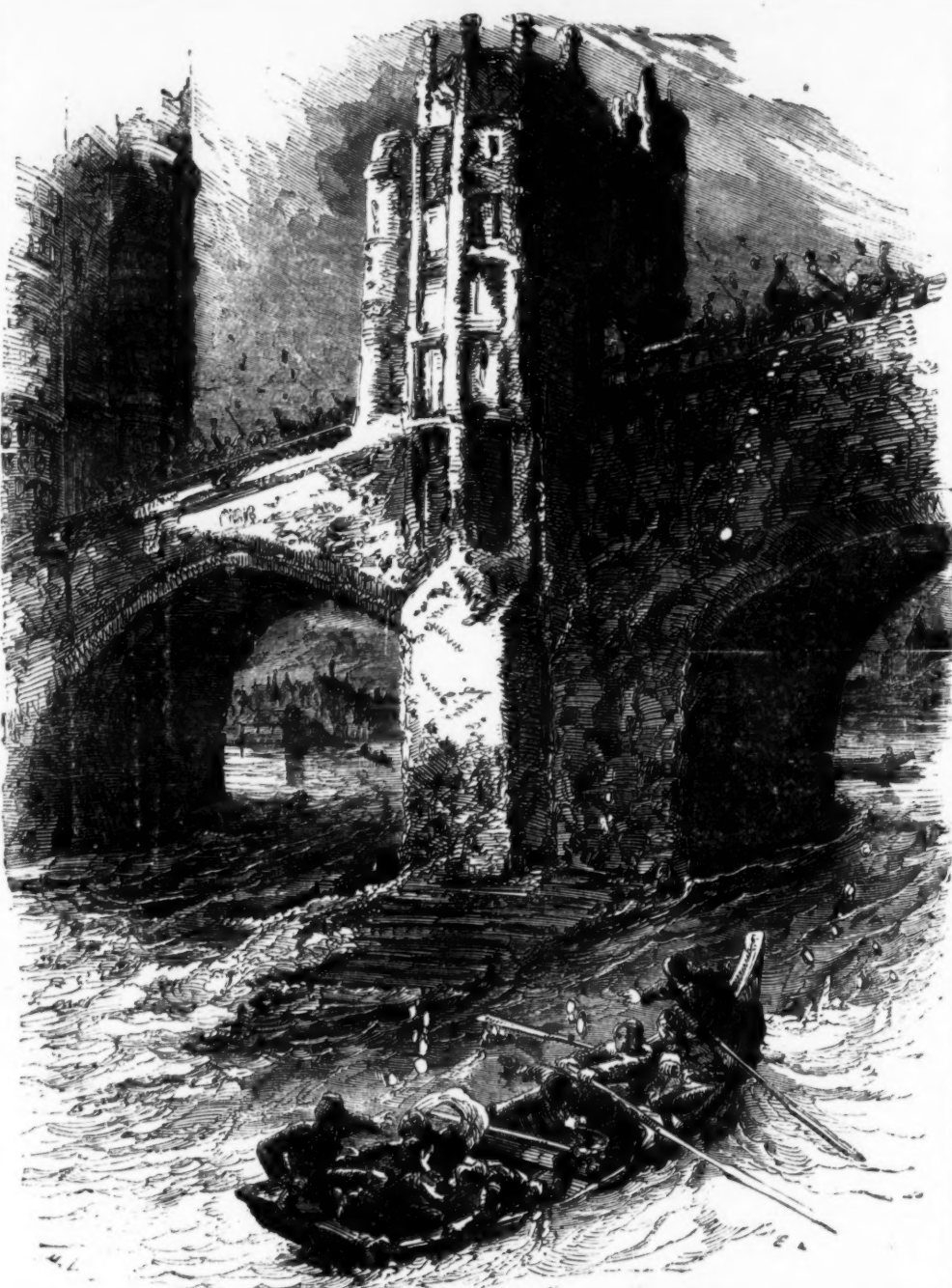
At about this time the English Government, then engaged in the war of 1812 with this country, was designing the attack upon New Orleans and made overtures to Lafitte to aid them. A letter was sent him by a brig of war dispatched to Barataria, written by Commodore Percy, commanding the naval force in the gulf, and another from Colonel Nichols, then in command of the land forces in Florida, offering Lafitte \$30,000 and a commission in the British navy, on condition of his aiding in the attack upon New Orleans, and in distributing a certain proclamation to the inhabitants of Louisiana. Lafitte asked time to consider these proposals, and sent the documents immediately to the Governor of Louisiana, thus giving notice of the intended attack, calling attention to the strategic importance of the position he occupied, and offering his services in defense of Louisiana on condition that he and his companions should have a free pardon for the offenses they stood charged with. After some little hesitation this offer was accepted, and Lafitte with his companions ordered substantial aid in the battle of

January 8th, 1815, when the English were defeated before New Orleans by General Jackson. The subsequent career of Lafitte is as obscure as its commencement, and as many and as contradictory accounts are put forward. Some of the contradictions may be accounted for on the supposition that one of his brothers has been confounded with him. In person Lafitte is said to have been well formed and handsome, about six feet two inches high, with large hazel eyes and black hair. His manners were polished and easy, his address was winning, and his influence over his followers almost irresistible. There is every reason for believing that he was of respectable family, and had enjoyed the advantages of an early education.

Our illustration represents the desolation of the site where once stood the busy settlement of which he was the ruler, while the country about is full of legends and traditions of his bold and daring deeds.

HON. HENRY B. ANTHONY.

THE Honorable Henry B. Anthony, a Senator from Rhode Island, was born in Coventry, R. I., in 1815. He is of Quaker descent, was graduated from Brown University in 1833, and in 1835 became editor of the Providence Journal, which he retained until elected to the Senate of the United States. In 1849 he was elected Governor of the State of Rhode Island, and at the close of his term was re-elected to the Senate, where he has been ever since. Mr. Anthony has recently been prominently before the public as the Chairman of the Committee to examine the Naval School at Annapolis.

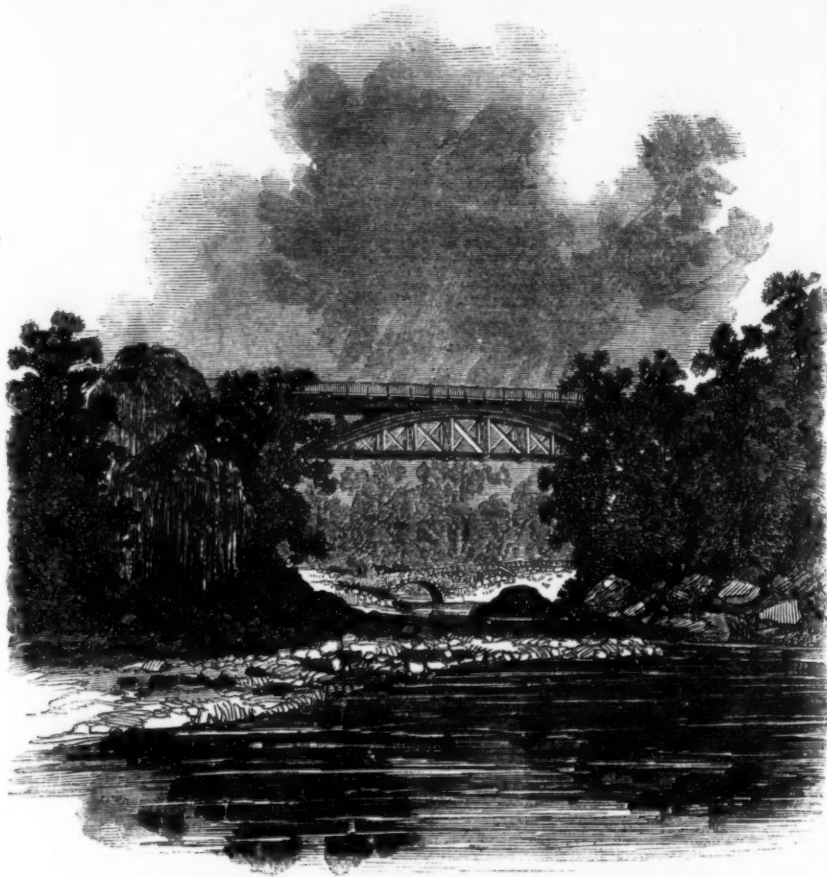


THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN ELEANOR FROM THE TOWER.



BURNING OF URSLEY KEMPE.

VIEWS ON THE WISSAHICCON CREEK. NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PA.



NORRISTOWN R. R. BRIDGE OVER WISSAHICCON CREEK.

WISSAHICCON CREEK.

THIS creek, which flows into the Schuylkill river, about five miles above Fair Mount Waterworks, is a favorite resort of pleasure parties from Philadelphia. The scenery all along its banks is charming, both for its wildness and romantic character. We give four of the most interesting views along its course in this issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which will be immediately recognized for their fidelity by those who are familiar with the winding course of this charming stream. The name Wissahiccon is the original Indian one, and means "winding stream," and during the war, one of our gunboats was given this name.

Amalgamated Society of Engineers, Machinists, Millwrights, Smiths, and Pattern-Makers.

SINCE the great lock-out of 1852, in England, which was in the second year of the existence of this society, there has been no general dispute between masters and workmen in the engineering trades; and the few partial misunderstandings, affecting single workshops or localities, that have arisen since then have generally been speedily and amicably arranged; while the workmen in the trade are amongst the highest paid class of mechanics, and the capital invested in it yields large profits. The great majority of the masters, and more especially those of them who are practical men as well as capitalists, or who have risen from being working men, give a decided preference to society men.

In December, 1868, it appears from last year's report, the Amalgamated Society had about 31,000 members, with a yearly revenue of £77,370, an expenditure of £49,170, and a balance in hand of £115,350, exclusive

of arrears. The greatest expenditure in any one year was £63,565 in 1862, the worst year of the cotton famine, but even at the end of that year the society had £67,615 in hand. The members pay an entrance fee, varying from 15s. to £3 10s. according to their ages when they join the society; and they pay, when not out of employment, a fixed subscription of 1s. a week.

The admission of new members is strictly regulated by certain conditions; they must be skillful workmen, of five years' service, or who have served their apprenticeship; they must be of good moral character; and they must not be more than forty years of age. In case of sickness or lameness, a member is entitled to 10s. a week for twenty-six weeks, and 6s. a week so long as he continues ill. If disabled for life, he receives £100. In case of his being thrown out of employment, without fault of his own, he gets 10s. a week for the first fourteen weeks, 7s. a week for thirty weeks, and 6s. a week afterward, making a total of £19 18s. in one year. There are superannuation allowances and ample provision for funeral expenses. The arrangement for assisting the members, when out of employment, to find work in other places, is one which might be imitated with great advantage by most other trades.

The society has 230 branches in England and Wales, besides 31 in Scotland, 11 in Ireland, and a few in the colonies or elsewhere. The secretary of every branch sends to the general secretary in London a monthly report of "the state of trade in his district, the number and profession of the members out of employment, and the probability of men being wanted." From these district reports the general secretary compiles a monthly report of the state of trade throughout the country, a copy of which is sent to the secretary of each branch; so that members out of employment may be informed where trade is good or bad, and where men of any particular trade are wanted. Members traveling in search of employment carry a card or certificate, which enables



VIEW NEAR THE SHODDY MILL, WISSAHICCON CREEK.

them to draw the allowance due to them in any town where there is a branch of the society, and the branch secretary directs them where to apply for employment.

We have great satisfaction in quoting this account of the Amalgamated Engineers' Society; and we hope the inquiry commenced by the Royal Commission on the subject of Trades' Unions will justify the good sense and abilities for business of the working men concerned in them, while it may convince them of the mischief done by arbitrary attempts to interfere with the bargain between capital and labor. The journeyman engineer, for one, does not approve of strikes.

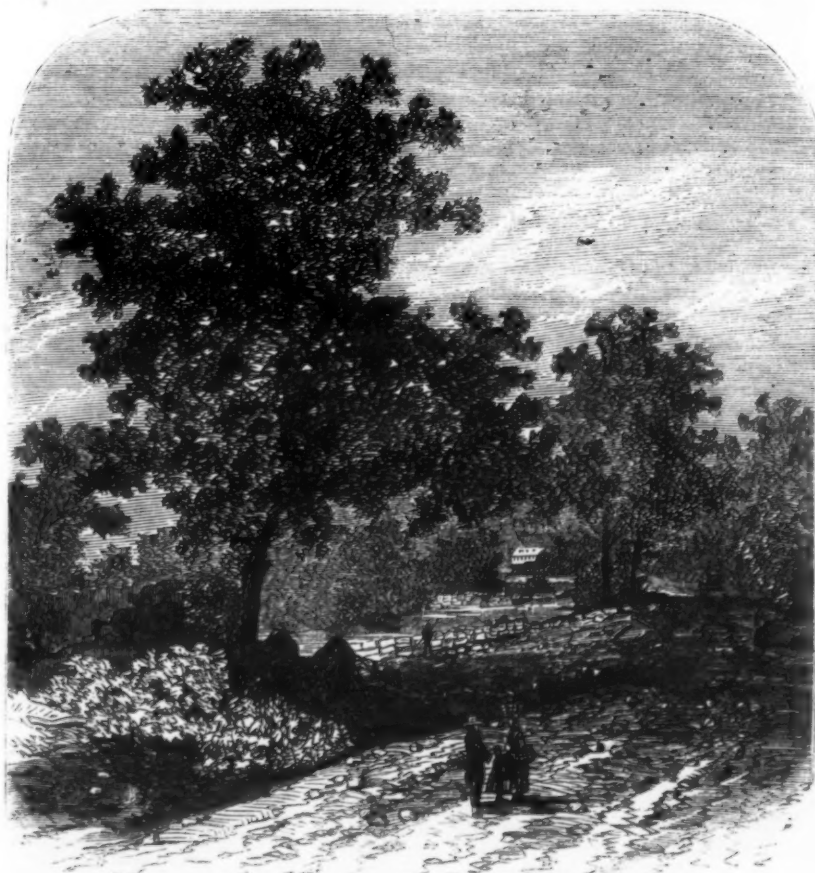
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A WRITER in a recent English journal says: In long years after our evacuation of France the Duke of Wellington honored me with an invitation to Apsley House, that I might see his pictures. Canova's figure of Napoleon holding Victory in his hand (which stood at the foot of the stairs) suggested to some one the sycophantic remark that Victory was out of place there. The Duke rebuked the offender against good taste. "Bonaparte won more battles than either you or I, sir." However earnest his Grace may have been in his denunciation of the wild ambition which kept Europe in a ferment, and deluged its fields with blood, he was annoyed when any reference was made to the hero of Lodi and Marengo in private society and in his presence. The late General Churchill, who was an aide-de-camp to his Grace, procured, on his way from India, a snuff-box made from the willow tree which drooped over the ex-Emperor's tomb at St. Helena. He wished to present it to the Duke. The thing had to be very carefully managed. After dinner, the Duke liked a pinch of snuff. The Marchioness of Douro accordingly undertook to make this little penchant the medium of the offering. The box was placed before the

old warrior. He was rather struck with it, and examined it with some care. "Where did this come from?" "Churchill, sir, has brought it from St. Helena. It is made from the wood of the willow—" "Oh!" interrupted the Duke, and he put the box aside. I had the anecdote from Churchill himself, who was slain at Maharajpore, in combat with a Mahratta. Young Somerset, a beautiful fellow (son of the late Lord Raglan), rushed to the rescue. His left hand was severed from the arm, and dangled at his side. With his right he wrested the murderous sword from the Mahratta, and slew him. I think Lord Raglan had the incident perpetuated in gold. Cotterell modeled it for Garrard of the Haymarket.

To return to the Duke. I was rather surprised that there were no pictures in Apsley House illustrative of the great battles in the Peninsula—no Salamanca, no Vittoria, no Busaco. The "Waterloo" of Sir W. Allen was purchased because it showed only the French side. The fact is, the Duke had a contempt for battle pictures. They could not be true, he said. A battle was all movements amidst smoke and carnage. As Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan has it, "There's so much doing everywhere, there's no knowing what's doing anywhere." Military incidents in general were (his Grace's words), falsehoods on canvas. Barker's picture of the Duke and Blücher meeting at Waterloo was an absurdity. MacLise has come nearer the truth. There was a painting and an engraving of Wellington showing the present Duchess over the field of Waterloo. He never did show her over the field. In the Gallery of Illustration, ten years ago, Lord Cardigan was shown leaping over a gun—a romantic drama in one scene. At the same place the Duke was represented contemplating the dead body of Craufurd after the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo. The Duke never saw the brave fellow after his death.

The Duke once told General Sebastiani and myself, at his own table in Paris, that the most anxious thought



THE DRIVE NEAR GERMAN TOWN ALONG WISSAHICCON CREEK.



VIEW OF WISSAHICCON CREEK, FROM LITTENHOUSE MILL.

of his life was the retention of Hongomont at Waterloo. It was the key to his position. He sent Lord March afterwards Duke of Richmond continually to inquire if the Guards could hold it. Lord Saltun, who commanded, at last got annoyed, and said, "Don't be a d-d fool, March! Go back and tell his Grace it's all right." March went back, and fired with admiration at the stubbornness of the defense, reported, "Your Grace needn't fear for Hongomont, for Saltun is there!"

THE YEMENIZ LIBRARY.

In the Yemeniz Library, which is to be dispersed by auction at Paris during this month, there are, no doubt, a great number of valuable volumes, but not all of quite so much value as the auction catalogue would convey. No. 353 is a copy of the original edition of the "Assortio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Lutherum" of Henry VIII., the treatise which procured for him from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith." The catalogue tells us that the copy bears an inscription in the handwriting of the time, to the effect that the book was given to the English College at Rome in 1521, by Cardinal Allen, or Alan; but, as that Cardinal was born in 1532, the inscription will hardly be received as good evidence. Besides, if the volume had been presented to a college in Rome in 1521, which was the year of its publication, it cannot have been at the same time, as the catalogue also maintains, the King's own copy. "All the friends of M. Yemeniz," the catalogue goes on to state, "know with what pleasure he used to relate the following anecdote. After the events which took place at Rome in 1849, he received the visit of a celebrated English bookseller, who, on his way to the Eternal City, made Lyons one of his halting-places to visit the Yemeniz collection. In the course of conversation, the bookseller said to the amateur: 'I am now on my way to Rome in search of a unique volume of enormous value which belonged to a convent there, and which having passed, as I hear, into a private collection, will, no doubt, be obtained with ease, thanks to an unlimited commission from the British Museum.' 'And what is this volume?' asked M. Yemeniz. 'The "Assortio" of Henry VIII., the King's own copy.' 'And is that all you are going to Rome for?' said the amateur. 'Certainly.' 'Well, do not pursue your journey further; here is the volume.' The astonishment of the bookseller may be imagined. He offered an enormous price for the copy, but in vain; M. Yemeniz would never consent (at that time) to part with any volume of his collection. It is a pity that so circumstantial a story as this should be 'blown to air'; but the unlimited commission from the British Museum cannot be regarded as 'historical,' when it is known that in the library of the Kings of England, presented to the Museum on its foundation by George II., is a copy of the 'Assortio,' in company with most of the collection of Henry VIII. M. Yemeniz should name the bookseller who played on his credulity so shamefully, and has thus led him to 'mystery' not only his friends, but the public. Again, at No. 528, the auction catalogue states of the article—a French translation of 'Boethius de Consolatione,' published at Paris by Vercard in 1494—that it is 'Printed on vellum, the only copy known after that of the Royal Library,' meaning, we presume, by the 'Royal Library,' or 'Bibliothèque du Roi,' the great collection of Paris, now more generally spoken of as the Imperial. Here, also, there is a mistake. There are copies of the book, both on vellum and paper, in the British Museum. That on vellum is one of the splendid series of vellum Vercards formerly belonging to King Henry VII. The copy professes to be dedicated to Henry, King of England; but the color of the ink draws attention to the words 'Henry' and 'Angleterre,' which are found, on examination, to be executed in manuscript; while the paper copy shows that the original printed words for which they have been substituted are 'Charles' and 'France.' Can the alteration have been made as a bait to the vanity of King Henry?

WOMEN IN CIRCASSIA.

The sale of women in Circassia is obviously but a substitute and an equivalent for the indispensable preliminaries that elsewhere precede every marriage in the East; with this difference alone, that in the Caucasus, on account of its remoteness, it is an agent who undertakes the pecuniary part of the transaction, and acts as the medium between the girl's relations and him whose lawful wife she is in most cases to become. The parents, it is true, part with their children, and give them up to strangers almost always unknown to them; but they do not abandon them for all that. They keep up a frequent correspondence with them, and the Russians never capture a single Circassian boat in which there are not men and women going to or returning from Constantinople merely to see their children. No one who has been in the Caucasus can be ignorant of the fact that all the families, not excepting even those of high rank, esteem it a great honor to have their children placed out in Turkey. It is to all these relations and alliances between the Circassians and the Turks that the latter owe the great moral influence they still exercise over the tribes of the Caucasus. The name of Turk is always the best recommendation among the mountaineers, and there is no sort of respectful consideration but is evinced toward those who have returned home after passing some years of servitude in Turkey.

After all, the Russians themselves think on this subject precisely as we do, and were it not for potent political considerations, they would not by any means offer impediment to the Caucasian slave-trade. This is proved most manifestly by the proposal, made by a Russian general in 1843, to regulate and ratify this traffic, and carry it on under the sanction of Russia, by granting the Circassian subjects the exclusive privilege of purchasing Circassian slaves. The scheme was abortive, and could not have been otherwise, for it is a monstrous absurdity to compare Russian slavery with that which prevails in Constantinople. Nothing proves more strongly how different are the real sentiments of the Circassians from those imputed to them, than the indignation with which they regard slavery, such as prevailed in Russia.

While the question of improvements in work-houses and infirmaries, with a view to the better treatment of the sick poor, is under discussion, it may be opportune to notice the experiments in ventilation made last year in the almshouse at Philadelphia. In all the rooms and wards the openings for the inflow and outflow of air are on a level with the floor, by which arrangement the whole interior, however crowded, is kept fresh and invigorated. The explanation is, that pure warm air forced into a room rises and fills the upper part; if allowed to escape by openings in or near the ceiling, it has but little effect on the mass of air in the room, which becomes more and more impure. But if the outside air at the floor level, it is the comparatively cooled air which escapes—the used air, in fact; and as there is a constant ascent of warm air, there is a constant displacement and circulation of the whole of the air of the room. The efficacy of this method of ventilation was demonstrated by a general improvement in the health of the inmates of the almshouse, and by its checking the spread of fever and cholera, which had broken out in some of the wards. The corridors and stairways are ventilated by a modification of the method, and thus the accumulation of foul air in any part of the building is entirely prevented. As nothing is stated in the report as to the time of year when the plan was introduced, we assume it was during the cold months, and that in the summer the inflow of fresh air was from the open windows.

Hints on Keeping Gold Fish.

It is well-known that in manufacturing districts, where there is an inadequate supply of cold water for the condensation of the steam employed in the engines, recourse is had to what are called engine-dams, or ponds, into which the water from the steam engine is thrown for the purpose of being cooled. In these dams, the average temperature of which is about eighty degrees, it is common to keep gold fish; and it is a notorious fact that they multiply in these situations much more rapidly than in ponds of lower temperature exposed to the variations of the climate. Three pair of this species were put into one of these dams, where they increased so rapidly, that at the end of three years their progeny, which were accidentally poisoned by verdigris mixed with the refuse tallow from the engine, were taken out by wheelbarrows full.

Gold fish, by the way, are by no means useless inhabitants of such dams, as they consume the refuse grease which otherwise would impede the cooling of the water by accumulating on its surface.

We may here observe a fact in natural history, not very generally known, that fish can bear extraordinary extremes of temperature. Humboldt and Bonpland, when traveling in South America, saw fish thrown up alive from the crater of a volcano in the course of its explosions, along with water and heated vapor, that raised the thermometer to two hundred and ten degrees—only two degrees below the boiling point! Again, fish when frozen with ice into a solid mass, have been brought to life when gently thawed. Indeed, an instance is on record of a frozen gold fish being thus restored.

The variety of colors among gold fish is, in all probability, principally caused by their being a sort of semi-domesticated animals. The rabbit, pigeon, duck and many other animals, when domesticated, lose the distinctive markings of their race, and assume a variety of other colors. The young gold fish, also, are at first dark-colored—indeed nearly black, changing more or less rapidly according to their constitutional power. Besides, we have reason to believe that the silver-colored fish are most generally old ones. The reader must recollect that size in fish, as in men, does not always betoken advanced age. Sauvigny, a French naturalist of the last century, published a most elaborate work on gold fish, with colored representations of eighty-nine specimens, exhibiting almost every possible shade or combination of brilliant orange, silver and purple.

BOSTON REMOVING TO NEW YORK.—The example set by Ticknor & Fields of having a branch store in the great commercial metropolis of the New World, has been followed by the well-known firm of Joseph Burnett & Co., who have established themselves at the Metropolitan Hotel. Their store is one of the handsomest in New York, and cannot fail to be much patronized by the ladies, who are already admirers of their pleasant little book called "The Floral Handbook and Ladies' Calendar."

AN EXQUISITE GIFT.—Since the publication of Moore's Irish Melodies there has been no more acceptable and valuable work for the lovers of music than the three series of Irish airs, just published by Mr. Haverty, of 1 Barclay street, one door out of Broadway. Each series contains 100 airs, in the form of sheet music, the entire number of airs being 300, which are embodied in 140 pages, embellished with a very tasteful tinted lithograph.

But a short time has elapsed since we had a report of the discovery of a vessel full of water in Pompeii. It has now been analyzed by Professor De Luca, who fills the chair of chemistry in the University of Naples, and pronounced to contain the same proportions of oxygen and hydrogen as are found in common fountain water of the present day. There can be no doubt that it was placed there so long ago as the reign of the Emperor Titus. A similar fact has occurred several times. In 1862 a fountain was discovered in the cortile of a house decorated with figures of wild boars, serpents, dogs and masks. At the time that the catastrophe occurred the key of the fountain was turned round, and the water shut in remained there. These figures are now amongst the bronzes in the Museum; but, unfortunately, in order to attach them more closely, a hole was made in the stomach of one of the animals, and the water escaped. Every one, too, who has visited the Mus. o. Nazionale will have observed a large key, once belonging to an aqueduct in the palace of Tiberius, in the island of Capri. In the interior, just under the screw, still remains a quantity of water; and one of the surprises practiced by the custodian on the visitor is, to move the ponderous article backward and forward, and make the water rattle. If this mild element has been found several times amidst the ruins of Pompeii, wine never was used last week. Wonders upon wonders! A glass amphora was then turned up with three or four fingers' depth of wine still remaining. Of course it is in a state of condensation—not hard, but rather in a gelatinous state. This, too, has been sent to Professor De Luca, and we may expect in a few days to hear of the quality of the wines which were served at the tables of the Roman patricians.

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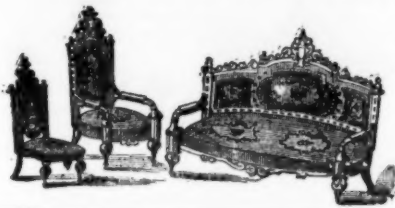
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deemed of so much importance, that the fact was tele-
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as an important news item throughout the United States
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The importance of these transactions in this market is
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State, from Japan, with 22,000 half chests; and the ship
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in another place it says: "The recent large opera-
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the trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this
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5th.—The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea
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7th.—The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail
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8th.—The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL
THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

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for purchasing to our correspondents in China and
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bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to
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person wishing to join a Club say how much Tea or
Coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our
Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars.
Write the names, kinds and amounts plainly on a list,
and when the Club is complete send it to us by mail,
and we will put each party's goods in separate packages,
and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there
need be no confusion in their distribution—each party
getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost
of transportation the members of the Club can divide
equitably among themselves.

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money with their orders, to save the expense of collect-
ing by express; but larger orders we will forward by
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Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to
the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small,
but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no
complimentary package for Clubs of less than \$30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently
rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come
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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satis-
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